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HOME-HAVEN.

Hush! adown the western heaven slowly
moves the shining sun,
To the east the shadows lengthen, stretching
forward, one by one;
From a day of toil or pleasure back again we
gladly come,
From the jostling working places, filled with
care and weariness,
Now to seek a kindly shelter in the haven of
our home.

On her nest among the branches now the
mother-bird can rest,
With her little ones safe nestled underneath
her loving breast;
Now the cows their milk are giving into pails
all white with foam;
Now from blossoms warm and sunny hie the
bees back, rich with honey,
And the bleating lambs come nibbling down
the pathway toward their home.

Soon the fireflies flash their beacons in and
out the garden's gloom,
While within the lamp shines softly on the
readers in the room;
In our arms the children slumber, with their
feet too tired to roam;
Out from dewy woodland covers whispering
come the happy lovers;
In the blessed night we gather in the haven
of our home.
—H. E. Parker, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

FROM RAILS OF STEEL.

An Old Engineer Tells of Some Narrow Escapes.

A Justice of the Supreme Court is not more taciturn than the average railroad engineer. And, not unlike the eminent jurists, when once his habitual reserve is cast aside he is a veritable mine of anecdote and wit.

A Washington Star Reporter one afternoon during the past week ran across one of these "Knights of the Throttle" in the neighborhood of the "round house" on Virginia avenue, and, as luck would have it, the "Salvation car," as the pay car is designated in the railroader's parlance, had just arrived and he was in a good humor and talkative.

"Come, John, you won't go out on your run for two hours yet. Tell me about some of the tight places you've been in since becoming an engineer."

"Well, young man, we don't like to talk about these things, but, as you appear to be anxious for a story, I don't mind telling you one."

"Tell me about that long red scar there under your chin. That must have been quite a wound."

"That was rather a hard one, but when I received it it was a smaller affair in comparison with my other breaks and bruises. As you know, I have pulled a throttle on the Baltimore & Potomac road ever since the first rail was laid. Railroading to-day is child's play to what it was then. Now our greatest risk is a broken rail or axle; then it was a dozen different things to keep us alert, chief among them being washouts, insecure trestles and mistakes in telegraph orders incidental to a single-track road. Overwork always played a prominent part, and it was owing to the latter fact that this scar adorns my meat-chopper.

"It was during the busy days of the Inauguration of Garfield, and all the sleep the boys had secured for a week was only cat-naps. I was coming north, out of Washington, on the evening of inauguration day, and ex-President Hayes occupied a private car on the rear of my train. The cars were crowded to their fullest capacity, and with this responsibility upon me I believe I could have done without sleep for a month. All the cars were in Washington or bound north, the engines coming south generally being empty—that is, without cars. The engineers of these empty engines would momentarily relax their vigilance, owing to the lesser responsibility, and it was during one of these moments that I got into the tightest place and received the closest call of my life. I received orders to pass two empty engines coming south at Severn, a small telegraph station about thirty miles north of Washington, and that they would take the siding for me. My engine was doing nicely and we were licking it along at a pretty lively gait, when, just as I turned the Severn curve, flip bang came the two engines into me, and when I woke up two weeks had passed, an engineer and baggage-master had been buried, three locomotives and a half-dozen cars smashed into splinters, and I lay on my back in the hospital with a leg, an arm and three ribs broken and my under jaw almost torn off. The engineer of one of the southbound engines had relaxed his vigilance for hardly more than a minute, ran by his siding, and his life paid the forfeit.

"Why didn't I jump? Holy smoke, young fellow, that never entered my mind. I reversed my engine, put on the air, and by that time we were piled up and I was unconscious. The good Lord only knows why my railroading days didn't end there, but they didn't, and I flatter myself that I can make time with any of the boys."

"How about that little accident out at McGruder's curve; weren't you mixed up in that affair? It occurred a good while ago, but I never heard the particulars."

"Well, I should say I was mixed up in that affair. In all my days of railroading that was the luckiest accident with the queerest trimmings I have ever known. The little details that I am going to tell you in connection with the affair came to me some time after their occurrence.

"This time I was coming south on the New York express, and was due in Washington at 11:30 at night. I had about twelve cars filled with passengers behind me. At that time there was a telegraph station about a quarter of a mile north of the curve called 'Wilson's.' The express generally had a clear track, and orders were never given it only when of great importance. Owing to this fact it made very fast time, and at that point usually ran about forty or forty-five miles an hour. As I swung in sight of this little lonely watch-box I saw that the red signal was down, and after a fierce pull at the whistle I reversed the lever and put on the air. We came to a stop in a hurry, and, thinking orders were awaiting me, I made a break for the office to secure them without losing any more time than necessary.

"Pushing open the door I saw the operator lying back in his chair, as I thought fast asleep. There was a strong odor of coal gas in the room, but in the heat of passion at what I thought was a case of neglect of duty, I paid no attention to this, but grabbing him by the collar of his coat, I yanked him out on to the floor. As he was a little slow coming around I caught up a bucket of water and threw the contents over him, bringing him to his senses instanter.

"'Where's my orders? What's the red down for?' I shouted in his ears.

"There's no orders. I must have gone to sleep or fainted. Every thing's all right,' he replied in a dazed sort of way.

"With an oath—I used to swear then—I rushed back to my engine, whistled for a flagman and pulled out, vowing vengence on that operator in the shape of a report to the superintendent upon my arrival at Washington. That report never went in.

"I had gotten my train under way and was going only about five miles an hour when, just as we swung around McGruder's curve, the track sank under me, and with a loud crash and a splintering of buffers we came to a dead stop, with the front part of my engine sunk about three feet below the track in mud and gravel. There was a dangerous quick-sand there, and it had washed about fifteen feet of the earth away from under the track. Owing to our rate of speed a good shaking up was about all we got, but suppose for one minute that red signal had not been down on us at Wilson's. They'd have picked us up all in pieces, as I would have gone into that hole at the rate of forty miles an hour.

"Both the day and night operators at Wilson's were practical jokers. A bright idea struck the day man, and climbing noiselessly on to the roof of the office he placed a board over the chimney, shutting off the draft of the stove. After performing this brilliant feat he went home for a night's rest, resolved to learn the next morning the result of his machinations. The stove door was partly open, the gas from the stove was forced out, it soon filled the room, and had I not been stopped by the red signal the chances are the boy would have been smothered to death. So you see the multiplication of circumstances engendered by that practical joke although it nearly killed one person, saved my life and many more behind me."—Chicago Journal.

UNUNITED FRACTURES.

Delayed Union Occurs as Often as Once in Five Hundred Cases.

The failure of broken bones to unite firmly, which is met with now and then, is usually due to some local or general condition of the system, which hinders the formation of solid bony tissue between the fragments. In many cases an important element seems to lie in the fact that too great freedom of motion between the broken ends has been permitted, but in persons who are debilitated from disease there seems to be sometimes a lack of the vital energy needed to throw out the material which shall hold the fragments in position.

According to some authorities delayed union—it usually takes place at last—occurs as often as once in five hundred cases. At such times what union does finally take place is generally of a fibrous nature, and if the injury is in one of the longer bones a so-called false joint may be the result. Dr. Donald McLean, of Detroit, who sees many cases of this kind among the lumbermen in the northern part of his State, has come to the conclusion that the cause of the failure to unite lies largely in the severity of the original local injury, which, with his patients, is generally a direct blow from the trunk of a tree.

The treatment is often difficult, and always tedious. A nice fitting together of the fragments, with care that no soft tissue is caught between them—the position being retained by means of a stiff bandage—may be sufficient.

If the position is thoroughly preserved by the splints, it may be just as well or even better, that the patient move about, for a certain amount of inflammatory action is necessary in order to get the full reparative power of nature. For the same purpose the ends of the bones are sometimes rubbed smartly together before being placed in the stiff bandage.

The modern system of performing operations under the protection of carbolic acid spray, or other antiseptics, which prevent the entrance of the microbes which produce blood-poisoning, makes possible some operations that in former times would certainly have been fatal. Among other things, there has been introduced a method of treatment which consists of sawing off the ends of the bones and fastening them together by nails or wires; but it seems to Doctor McLean, from the study of his cases, that those do quite as well in which the sole reliance is put on the outside dressing without the use of wires. In some cases where wires are used it becomes necessary to perform a subsequent operation for their removal.—Youth's Companion.

DISCHARGING A MAN

How Some Employers Get Around the Disagreeable Part of This Duty.

Discharging a man for any cause is a duty that most employers dislike, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. To get around the disagreeable part of this obligation some men resort to subterfuge more or less amiable. For instance, a certain firm in New York had a letter form which it always used when bouncing had had to be done. Here it is:

"DEAR SIR: The condition of our business will not permit us to avail ourselves of your valuable services after next Saturday.

"BLANK & Co."

Another large employer of labor told me not long ago that he never discharged an employe.

"What, never?" I inquired.

"Never," he repeated. "I always ask a man to resign and if he doesn't resign, I resign from the place of paymaster."

That reminded me of a foreman in a factory who was so soft-hearted that he never could bring himself to fire a man in so many words. When it became necessary to get rid of a hand he used to send for the victim and address him thus: 'I'm sorry, Wilhelm, but I lays you off for awhile."

"How long for?" is the usual response.

"Oh! I dean know—may be six months—may be a year—or two years or ten years—I dean know!"

Cleaning Russet Shoes

Do you of the russet shoes know how to clean the leather and restore it to its first estate? Of course you have tried the varnish and washes and found them a together vexation of spirit. And the real thing is so easy when you know about it. Just squeeze the juice of a lemon on a bit of soft cloth, give the leather a thorough treatment with this, and see if your shoes don't look as well as they did when you bought them.

GRANDFATHER TO HIS WIFE.

When, in the first fair flush of happy youth,
I looked with loving eyes upon thy face,
It seemed to me I there could find, in truth,
The perfect type of beauty and of grace.

And as the bells rang out their gladsome chime
That day when we were wed, I did not dream
That ever, with the mellowing of time,
Could that sweet face of thine more lovely seem.

Yet, as I see thee now—thy crown of white;
The glory of thy motherhood; the lines
Upon thy brow and cheek, marks of time's flight;
The many sweet graces thy life combines—

Methinks that in my youth my judgment erred.
Despite thy beauty, seeming so benign,
This heart of mine hath never been so stirred
As by the loveliness that now is thine.
—John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Weekly.

BY HARSH WORDS.

How Squire Sadley Was Taught to Speak Kindly to His Wife.

The little silver column in the thermometer was gradually mounting toward the nineties; the leaves hung motionless in the furnace-like air, and the scent of the perfumed swaths of newly-cut hay pervaded every thing, as Squire Sadley stood under the umbrella-shaped apple tree and wiped his reeking brow with a yard-square handkerchief of yellow silk.

"Phew!" cried the squire, "this is getting too much; I think I shall go home an hour earlier than usual."

"So'd I, if I wasn't workin' for day's wages," said Israel Newcomb, who was vigorously turning the fragrant billows of green with a fork which gleamed like serried lightning in the sunshine. The squire glared angrily at Israel; it was his pride that he worked as hard as any of his hired men, rich land-owner though he was.

"I s'pose I can do as I please!" said he.

"Sartin!" observed Israel. "I only wish *I* could!"

The squire went home, selecting the shady path which lay part way through the woods, and crossing the noisy little stream on a make-shift bridge formed by a fallen cedar tree. Far down in the green cross-lights and glinting reflections of the glen, he could see Will Dallas, who had abandoned all pretenses of fishing, and lay on the moss at Mary Sadley's feet, reading aloud to her, out of some pocket volume of poetry. The squire frowned.

"Spooning—as usual," growled he, under his breath, and pushed steadily on.

The old homestead, painted white, with a refreshing contrast of green blinds, lay basking in the vivid sunshine. The squire looked at it with a complacent sense of proprietorship, as he went around to the back-door, where a great honeysuckle vine was all in curls of buff and white blossoms. The roomy kitchen, with its shining copper boiler and white-board floor, was silent and empty. He looked around.

"Hallo!" he shouted. "Is every one dead?"

Little Kitty came running out of the front-room.

"Hush, father!" said she, holding up a small forefinger. "Mother is asleep."

"Asleep!" roared the squire. "A pretty time of day to be *asleep*, and the whole house wide open, ready for any tramp that may come along, and your grandmother's silver spoons in plain view on the dresser-shelf. *Asleep!*"

"I'm sorry, Titus," said an apologetic voice, as a pale, shadowy little woman issued from the hall beyond, where she had been lying on a Procrustean lounge, fashioned of unpainted pine boards, and draped with a lumpy mattress. "I hadn't any idea of falling asleep when I lay down; but my head ached a little—it's the heat, I suppose—and I felt dizzy. I'm very sorry, but surely it isn't twelve o'clock yet."

"It don't lack many minutes of it," said the squire, gloomily, looking at the big wooden clock, whose fat, black Roman numerals glared back at him from behind a green nebulæ of asparagus branches. "The heat, eh? Well, I s'pose other folks feel it, too. *My* head aches, but I don't take to *my* bed. And when a man comes home tired and beat out from the hayfield, he naturally expects to find things comfortable. I don't know what a woman has her board and keep for, if it ain't to see that meals is reg'lar and things decent."

"I'm sorry, Titus," nervously reiterated the little woman, fluttering to and fro like a lame-winged pigeon, "but I'll make all the haste I can. Dinner will soon be ready. Here, Kitty" (to the child), "wash these potatoes in the sink as quick as you can, and trim the beets, while I run out for some kindlings to hurry up the fire."

A minute afterward, he could hear the quick strokes of the hatchet, and he bethought himself that, in the hurry incident to haying-time, the pile of kindlings had been allowed to get low.

"It does seem," he said, petulantly, "as if every thing hindered a man's dinner."

"Then, father," said Kitty, glancing shrewdly over the top of the tin potato-pan, "why don't *you* go out and split the kindlings, and let mother 'tend to the things indoors?"

"Hush, Kitty," said Mrs. Sadley, quickly, as she touched a match to the mass of crumpled papers under the grate.

"Where's the last Gazette?" snarled the squire, ignoring Kitty's query.

"Oh, Titus," cried his wife, "I've just set fire to it! I supposed, of course, you'd read it—it's a week old to-day, you know."

"Of course," said Squire Sadley, "I might have known without asking! It's waste and fling away and burn up in *this* house. There ain't nothing safe where an extravagant woman's concerned!"

"Mother ain't extravagant!" said Kitty.

"Where's them peas I brought in this morning?" sharply demanded the squire, looking around him with Argus eyes.

"There isn't time to shell them now," said Mrs. Sadley, timidly.

"Time—time!" repeated her husband. "Of course there ain't time, if you sleep away your life on that there sofy. I mean to have it taken away to-morrow. It's a deal too handy. What's the use o' my plantin' the earliest peas in market, and hoein' and brushin' em,' and then goin' out afore sun-up to pick 'em, if my folks hain't life enough to cook 'em?"

"I'll have 'em for supper," said Mrs. Sadley, with a little *tremolo* in her voice.

"No you won't, neither," said the squire. "I'll send 'em over to Neighbor Barton's. *His* wife's got some snap to her! I declare, it's clear discouragin' for a man to be dragged back all the time by a shiftless wife!"

A big round drop plashed down into the frying-pan which Mrs. Sadley was just preparing to receive sundry slices of well-cured ham which she had been cutting; she made no verbal reply, however.

"Eh?" said the squire, "why don't you say something? Sulking, I s'pose, as usual?"

At this, poor Mrs. Sadley burst into tears.

"No, Titus," said she, "I ain't sulking. But I feel awful bad to-day, and it don't take much to upset me. It's all true what you say. I *am* a poor, worn-out, feeble creature, and I don't blame you for gettin' out of patience. Yes; it was all true. But what had wrought the change? Whose fault was it?

"I don't know," said the squire, staring at Heaven's blue eye reflected far down in the heart of the deep, cool well, "but I 'most think I've been too hard on her. Now I come to study on it, I've had lots o' hired help about the farm, and she's done all the housework herself. And she never was very strong! Was she a pretty girl? There wasn't none prettier in a radius o' twenty miles around Kingsley Church! And to look at her *now!*"

The squire got up and stamped uneasily around the well.

"I've been a brute!" he muttered to himself. "Worse than a dumb brute—for they ain't supposed to know no better. I don't know what I've been thinkin' of all these years. Leave off loving her? I hain't never left it off. I love her now, bless her faithful, patient soul, as well as ever I did, only I've fell into the way of bein' careless and neglectful. But I'll turn over a new leaf this very day, see if I don't!"

He kept his word.

"Engaged, Mary? Is it really a settled thing?" said Mrs. Sadley. "Oh, I hope you'll be happy! I hope, after twelve years of marriage, dear Mary, you'll be as happy as I am now!"

Her eyes shone; a faint color glowed on her ordinarily pale cheeks. Mary Sadley looked at her in surprise.

"Would you believe," went on the squire's wife, "he has hired a girl to come here and do all the rough work, so as to spare me? And there is such an easy, spring-upholstered sofa in the hall, in place of the lumpy old lounge; and there's one of the hay-hands splitting a pile of wood to last from now to Michaelmas. And we are to keep our wedding anniversary in real old-fashioned style, next week; and Titus has ordered a dress trimmed with white ribbons, just like the one I was married in. He says I shall look as young and pretty as I did then. Such nonsense, you know; and yet it is nice of him to say so—now, isn't it?"

And Mrs. Sadley laughed through her tears.

Poor soul! The sunshine had come late in life, yet it filled her whole being with blessedness.

"I'm so glad!" said Mary. "But you deserve it all, Cousin Eunice."

And the newly-betrothed lovers whispered to each other that the millennium must surely be at hand. For what else could so have changed the squire?

They did not stop to reflect that there is truth in the old saw: "Good in all, and none all good."—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

He Got Things Mixed Up.

A theological student, who was accompanied by his professor to a country-place where the former was to preach, prevailed upon the professor to make the opening prayer. Arising to make the announcement, he amazed the congregation by saying: "Professor Smith will now lead us in a petition of the faculty of the H—— Seminary to the throne of grace of which I have the honor to be a student. After accompanying him, your humble servant will attempt to preach the Word whose shoes he is not worthy to unloose."

—Letter Carrier—"A registered letter. You will have to sign your name." "I have neither ink nor pen. Can I sign in pencil?" "O yes. I can mark it over for you in ink when I get to the office." —Flegende Blatter.

MODESTY.

One deeply solemn thought
Haunts me by night and day,
Changing all joy to naught,
Driving all bliss away;
It is the thought of death
That thus I ponder on,
'Tis pity for the poor, poor world
When I am dead and gone.

For I sometime must go
And leave the world forlorn—
Since I must bring such woe
Why was I ever born?
Dear human race, my grief
Is not for me, but you;
When I am dead and laid to rest
What will the poor world do?

Will this dark planet still,
As now, go whizzing round
Its path of good and ill
When I am in the ground?
And will the glorious sun
Continue to appear,
And will the stars come out each night
When I'm no longer here?

Then ask me not to smile!
What comfort can I find
Tormented all the while
By grief for all mankind?
Oh, millions now unborn!
My absence ye must rue.
Without one spark of comfort, save
To know I grieved for you!
—George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

A BALLOON EPISODE.

An Old Showman's Story of a Brave Acrobat.

One evening, in looking over the old showman's scrap-book, I read the following from a New York paper:

"Yesterday afternoon the balloon from Robinson's circus, carrying two performers, was caught in a storm over the sound and wrecked. One of the performers, Toma Patra, fell into the water and was drowned; while the other man hung to the cordage and was carried into Connecticut, where he was found uninjured, though the balloon was a total loss."

Closing the book, I turned to the old showman, and said: "As you evidently know something about this accident, tell it to me." He answered: "Yes, I do know something about that accident, for I was one of the occupants of the balloon, and don't think I shall forget the experience if I live for a thousand years.

"Toma Patra, or Tom, as we called him, was a strange man with a strange history. Though he was with the show for three years, he never told his real name or his history, except to me, and that but a moment before he died.

"We were performing in the West when he appeared and applied for a position as an acrobat. Though asked for credentials and questioned as to his professional record, he refused to answer, and demanded an opportunity to exhibit his skill. He was given the opportunity, and proved to be one of the best acrobats that our manager had ever seen. In some respects, particularly in balancing objects, his skill was really marvelous. All that he did was truly artistic, without any resort to the trickery so common among such performers.

"Tom made friends very slowly, and made no confidants whatever. Though he treated all politely, he showed a reserve that was not pleasing, because it kept him from joining with the rest in their sports. Then it was soon noticed that Tom never spent any money, excepting for absolute necessities, and this fact soon gave him the name of Stingy Tom, though no one would have dared to use the name in his hearing.

"I never knew him to take the least interest in any one or any thing, except once, when I had foolishly been under the influence of liquor, he said to me: 'My boy, stop it, for it can do you no good, and may do you great harm.'

"I have always thanked him for those words, though at the time they did me no good, and I felt more kindly toward him after he spoke them. I believe that he did not feel towards me quite as he did toward the others.

"The manager decided to send up a balloon each afternoon, and while I had to perform on the flying trapeze under it Tom staid in the basket to manage it, so far as a balloon can be managed. This balloon performance was a great card.

"We had been doing the balloon act about a month, when we reached New York City for a four weeks' stand—very glad of a rest after weeks of traveling.

"One Saturday night after the performance I found Tom reading a newspaper by the light of a torch, and I could see tears coming from his eyes, in spite of his apparent effort to keep them back. As I wished to spare his feelings, I pretended not to notice his agitation; and I think he silently thanked me. He looked at me for a moment, and then said: 'Will you go to Philadelphia with me early in the morning, and come back again at night?'

"'What for?' I asked

"'For company; and it is my request that you tell no one of our journey and ask me no questions.'

"It was with a sad voice that he spoke the words, and they again brought tears to his eyes. It seemed strange that a strong man should show so much agitation, and it affected me deeply as I took his hand and said: 'Whatever your trouble may be, you have my sympathy, and I will do as you request.'

"When we reached Philadelphia he hired a horse and we took a long drive about the streets, with no apparent object. In accordance with my promise, I asked no questions, but I noticed that there was a particular point on Locust street which he passed frequently; and, though he drove from it apparently indifferent as to his direction, he always returned to the same place. In this way several hours passed, and finally, when we returned to the place which seemed to attract him, there were a hearse and some carriages before one of the houses. After that he did not drive out of sight, but waited, sometimes at one point and then at another, but always with the house in view, until four pall-bearers came from the building carrying a small coffin and placed it in the hearse. Then, as the funeral train moved slowly along the street, he joined it and followed the last carriage to Laurel Hill. We left our buggy and stood among those nearest the open grave. I watched Tom's face, in which I could view a frightful struggle, the struggle not altogether successful of a strong man with his emotions. When 'Ashes to ashes and dust to dust' was said and the hollow sound of the falling earth was heard, the tears gushed from his eyes, and, turning from the others, he walked away. I did not follow, but left him to himself, and stood there after the others had gone, and waited. At length he returned, and, dropping a simple rosebud on the earth that covered the coffin, he said to me: 'Come.' We hardly spoke during our journey to New York, and, though I was full of wonder, I made not the slightest reference to what had occurred.

"When Monday came a storm was threatening, and the manager asked if we dared make the balloon ascension. Tom answered that he would do as I said, and I said that I would go. We ascended in an uncertain and fitful wind, and the spectators applauded as the huge silken bag danced from earth with Tom in the basket, while I swung from the slender bar twenty feet below him. I left the trapeze sooner than usual, and in climbing I noticed that the wind was coming much stronger from the west. As I stepped into the basket, a contrary current gave the balloon a sudden lurch that threw it on its side, almost pitching us out. Then also huge bubble righted, and shot toward the east with frightful speed, at the same time descending. As we looked below we saw water under us that was being lashed by the gale. We acted without speaking, for we saw that the balloon must have been torn, and that the gas was rapidly escaping. We threw over all of the ballast, and ascended again for a short distance, hoping to reach the north shore of the sound, but the hope was short, for again we began to descend. Then I loosened the trapeze and let it go, but it was too light to count for much, and we continued to approach the white-capped waves. 'The basket,' said Tom, as he opened his knife. Then we climbed into the cordage, and held on as he cut away the basket, and all within his reach that was not necessary to support us. Again we ascended and sped toward the shore, but there was no hope of reaching it.

"'One can be saved, but not both,' said Tom.

"I was about to answer, when he interrupted me, saying: 'Not a word, for your life is worth more than mine, and I must go; but first listen: Twenty years ago I was charged with murdering my wife, and sentenced to imprisonment for life; but I was innocent, as she had taken her own life. In prison, to pass the time, I practiced the tricks of the circus, and after fifteen years' training I escaped and joined the show. I had but one son, who died five years ago, leaving a motherless baby, my grandson, who was left in the care of his mother's aunt. Yesterday we attended his funeral. All the money I could save was sent to him, though no one know where it came from. My name is—.' I can not tell the name, for it was given in confidence. After speaking it he loosed his hold, and plunged into the angry waves only ten feet below us. Then the balloon again ascended, and when it came down it was among the branches of a tree on the Connecticut shore.—Harry C. Fulton, in Chicago Daily News.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.

Honors and Popularity Are Usually Based on Enormous Labor.

The splendor of such honors as have come to Von Moltke and to Bismarck shines in the eyes of all men, but that which very few men realize is the enormous labor on which their honors were based. Everybody sees results but very few people perceive the means by which results are attained. The outward show of a great career impresses even the most casual, but only the man himself knows what prolonged and often agonizing work has secured those honors. In this life nothing worth having can be had for the asking; one must pay for whatever he gets, and pay in sterling coin. The moral order of the world rests on the true measure between work and reward. In the degree that a man's success is really great and worthy, he must work to secure it; and behind the success which fills the world with its renown there lies buried a body of work as solid as the foundation under the light-house. Most men are not willing to pay the price of a great success. The unbroken heroism of sixty years and more of work which is to be found in the lives of Von Moltke and Bismarck and Gladstone demands a man of heroic temper. These statesmen and soldiers have won nothing for which they have not paid a full price. They have climbed to the heights on which the world now sees them, and what they value, undoubtedly, is not that which men see, but that of which they themselves are conscious—the integrity of the labor to which their lives have been given. When a man secures these great successes, the very training of preparation destroys the illusions of mere popular fame, and supplies him

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - - JANUARY 2, 1891.

THERE are nearly 25,000 school teachers in Pennsylvania.

GENERAL SPINNER, the former United States Treasurer, died at Jacksonville, Fla., on Wednesday

PRESIDENT HARRISON has issued a proclamation inviting all nations to the Chicago world's fair.

THE inauguration of the Governor of this State will take place as Harrisburg on January 20, 1891.

A DECIDED earthquake shock was felt at Knoxville, Tenn., about six o'clock Tuesday morning. Houses shaken and dishes rattled.

THE President has appointed Philip C. Garrett, of Pennsylvania, to be a member of the Board of Indian commissioners, vice Clinton B. Fisk, deceased.

GOVERNOR and Mrs. Beaver were presented with an elegant silver tea service by the members of his cabinet on Friday evening, the occasion of their twenty fifth wedding anniversary.

THE Michigan Supreme Court has decided that the cumulative system of voting for Legislators in that State is unconstitutional. This decision makes the lower branch of the Legislature stand 68 Democrats to 34 Republicans.

M. A. DAUPHIN, president of the Louisiana Lottery Company for the past twenty years, died at his home in New Orleans, on Sunday last. Outside of the McKinley tariff Mr. Dauphin enjoyed the distinction of running the biggest swindle in the United States.

ON Thuesday of last week President Harrison appointed Judge Henry Billings Brown, of Detroit, Michigan, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Miller. The appointment was confirmed by the Senate on Monday.

THE bureau of the American republics has information that the President of Mexico has approved the bill recently passed by the Congress of that republic admitting corn from the United States free of duty. This is a very large concession, as the duty theretofore has been one cent per kilogram, or about one-half cent per pound.

THE Vermont Legislature, has just passed an Australian ballot reform law. All the New England States now have this law, except Maine and New Hampshire. The Vermont law provides for the printing of ballots and the erection of booths by each town. Towns of less than 4,000 inhabitants are exempt from the operation of the law.

AMONG the new inventions seen at the Mechanics' Fair at Boston is a method of making ice by simply dropping a few crystals in water—the secret of whose composition is only known to the inventor. Not only is the ice made in a remarkably short space of time, but ice cream is also manufactured and eaten by those who stand and wait.

ADVICES from Brazil report the organization in that country of a corporation with a capital of $20,000,000, a large part of which has been furnished by bankers and merchants of Europe, and the remainder by local investors. The object is to establish twenty agricultural settlements upon the public lands of Brazil, which are given free of cost by the Government to the enterprise.

WHILE a large number of guests were being entertained at Eastnor castle, in Ledbury England, Sunday night, a fire broke out in the building, causing a panic among the inmates. By great exertions on the part of the servants and citizens, the castle, one of the most ancient and interesting in England, was saved from total destruction, but a number of rare books and tapestries of priceless value were ruined.

IN the case of the Commonwealth vs. George Paul, of Philadelphia, agent of Brown & Fitts, of Chicago manufacturers of oleomargarine, as to whom a special licence by agreement of Council was rendered for selling oleomargarine, Judge Reed delivered an opinion in which he holds that the State law forbidding the sale of oleomargarine in the packages originally imported from another State is unconstitutional.

THE Philadelphia *Times* last week announced the make-up of Governor Pattison's cabinet as follows:—Secretary of the Commonwealth, William F. Harrity of Philadelphia; Attorney General, W. U. Hensel of Lancaster; Adjutant General, Captain William McClelland of Pittsburg. There is some doubt as yet whether the *Times* announcement is not a little premature, but the general impression seems to be that it is about right.

DID the reader ever stop to think says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* how many tags he would have on his clothes if each item that goes with a suit of clothes was marked with the McKinley tariff tax and attached to his garments! There would be six tags on his shoes, six on the trousers, six on the coat, six on the vest, four on the shirt, four on the collar, three on the necktie and four on the underclothes—thirty eight in all. The blessings of high protection, as enunciated in the McKinley bill and paraded through the columns of the high tariff organs, have never been pointed out in detail. They exist only in the minds of the promoters of that measure.

A DISPATCH from Washington on Tuesday says: Among the few members congregated in the chamber of the House to-day, after that body had adjourned, the fate of the election bill was a fruitful topic of conversation. Many of the leading Republicans were sanguine of the bill being enacted into a law, but some were less confident of it being placed upon the statue books. one prominent Republican said, in conversation:

"If the bill comes from the Senate in an amended form its doom is sealed. In fact, I believe it is already dead, as I do not think it will pass the Senate, Even should it pass it cannot run the gauntlet of the House unless there is a Republican quorum present and it is almost impossible to secure one at the present session. Of course, we might call a caucus and by making the bill an imperative party measure, obtain the presence of the absentees, but I hardly think this course will be followed. If the Democrats persist in absenting themselves, so as to prevent the counting of a quorum, we are almost helpless."

The Democratic course will be one of obstruction should the bill come from the Senate. Every bill upon the Speaker's table having precedence to the elections bill will be used to obstruct the consideration of that measure.

A PENSION problem has arisen under the new pension law of last June. The act grants pension to soldiers who served 90 days and are now disabled from earning a support, provided they were honorably discharged. The officials of the Pension Office were of the opinion that the act of June 27, 1890, did not include soldiers who had been in the Confederate service and afterward enlisted in the Union army, as the act is silent in regard to this class of pensioners, neither does it repeal section 41,716, or wind up with the usual saving clause, "all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed." The question was referred to the assistant Secretary, who decides that claimants who served in the Confederate army, prior to enlistment in the United States service, are entitled under the act and are placed on the same footing as all other Union soldiers. Some of the official minds of the Pension Bureau are bothered to know what to do with those that were wounded, or contracted disabilities while in the Confederate service. The only restriction that the act makes is that the disabilities must not be the result of the Soldier's own vicious habits.

A DISPATCH from Washington on Monday says: The holiday season has brought congressional proceedings to a standstill, and this week is likely to be duller than last. It is not at all probable that a quorum will be secured any day in the week, and in this event no business will be transacted and adjournment will be taken from day to day. If a quorum should be secured at any time the election bill will be discussed by the Senate.

The crisis in the Senate over the cloture rule is expected next week. On Jan. 5 the Republicans hope to tave a full attendance, with their majority increased by the arrival of two Senators from Idaho. Then will come the tug of war. The first fight will be over the adoption of Senator Aldrich's amendment to the rules, giving the majority power to close debate. If the Republicans have a quorum present, and they have five more than a quorum on their side of the Senate, it will be comparatively plain sailing. If they have not, the struggle may be prolonged until the endurance of the Democrats is exhausted or arbitary measures are adopted by the Republicans.

A TERRIBLE story of suffering is told by a sole survivor of a crew of eight men of the schooner Lucinda G. Patter, bound from Boston to Norfolk, which capsized about noon Sunday off Barnegat. Five men were probably drowned at once. Three were able to gain lodgment in a portion of the vessel's house, but two of them died from exposure. The sole survivor was picked up by the schooner A. D. Pamson and brought to Philadelphia on Tuesday. The survivor is a seaman named Charles Wallenberger. Captain Evans, of the ill-fated schooner, died soon after being taken from the raft. The names of the six seaman who perished cannot be learned.

THERE will be eleven retirements for age in the army during '91, nearly double the number for '90, and most of these retirements are of prominent officers. There are two officers of the grade of brigadier general, six who are colonels, one major and captain, divided four in staff and seven in line. No retirements for age occur during '91 in adjutant general's department, inspector general's department, judge advocate department, pay department, corps, engineers or cavalry. In corps of engineers no such retirement takes place before '95, when there are five officers who will reach the age of 64, among them Gen. T. L. Casey.

THE force bill says the New York *Herald* is the embodiment of all that is holy and beautiful, all the sweetness and light in the Republican party. It may cause another civil war, may leave on the fair South a trail of blood, may incite a contest of races which will reduce that section to something worse than the original chaos, may light up our wintry darkness with the flames of burning dwellings, but what of it? If the Republican party can thereby be saved and the renomination of Harrison assured, such a sacrifice will be regarded as a mere bagatelle.

EX-PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND and Governor David B. Hill, among others, will be the guests of the Young Men's Democratic Association January 8. The occasion will be the annual banquet on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans.

Scores of Bucks Surrender.

OMAHA, NEB., Dec. 28.—At headquarters of the department of the Platte tonight a dispatch was received from General Brooke which stated that Major Whitesides, in command of a battalion of the Seventh cavalry, had captured Big Foot and his entire band near the head of Porcupine creek. About 150 bucks surrendered. General Brooke also telegraphed that the hostiles in the bad Lands had surrendered and would reach Pine Ridge on Tuesday.

Bright Eyes sent word last night that half the hostiles had left the Bad Lands, and were within a few hours march of the agency.

Reports from Pine Ridge Agency, S. D., say it is now apparent that the trouble in the northwest is rapidly approaching a termination. Short Bull, Kicking Bear and his outfit are abandoning the Bad Lands and coming to the agency.

The final movement of the troops has undoubtedly greatly influenced Short Bull in his former determination to die rather than surrender. It is not supposed they will arrive at Pine Ridge for several days. They are now camped upon the Whtie river.

WOUNDED KNEE CREEK, December 29.—Bright and early were the troops up this morning. At 8 o'clock they were ordered to be in readiness to move. At that hour the cavalry and dismounted troops were massed about the Indian village, the Hotchkiss guns overlooking the camp not fifty yards away. Colonel Forsyth ordered all the Indians to come forward away from the tents. They came and sat in a half circle until counted. The dismounted troops were then thrown around them. The troops were company K, Captain Wallace, and company B. Captain Varnum. The order was then given to twenty Indians to go and get their guns. Upon returning it was seen that only two guns were had. A detachment at once began to search the village, resulting in thirty-eight guns being found. A search was about completed and the Indians, surrounded by companies K. and B. began to move. All of a sudden they threw their hands on the ground and began to fire rapidly at the troops not twenty feet away. The troops were at a great disadvantage, fearing the shooting of their own comrades. The Indians—men, women and children—then run to the south, firing rapidly as they ran. Soon the mounted troops were after them, shooting them down on every side. The engagement lasted fully an hour and a half. To the south many took refuge in a ravine, from which it was difficult to dislodge them. It was estimated that the soldiers killed and wounded is about fifty. Just now it is impossible to state the exact number of dead Indians. There are many more than fifty, however, killed outright. The soldiers are shooting the Indians down wherever found, no quarter being given by anyone. Captain Wallace, of K. troop, with cavalry, was killed, and Lieutenant Garlington of Artic fame, was shot through the elbow.

The troops are still firing from the camp and pursuing the enemy in every direction. To say that it was a most daring feat—twelve Indians attacking 500 calvarymen—expresses the situation but faintly. It could only have been insanity which prompted such a deed. It is doubted that if before night either buck or squaw out of all of Big Foot's band will be left to tell the tale of the day's treachery.

The members if the Seventh cavalry have once more shown themselves to be heroes in deeds of daring. Single-handed conflicts were seen all over the field. The death of Captain Wallace causes much regret. The poor fellow met his death by a blow on the head from a war club.

A Judge in a Quandary.

DETROIT, December 28.—Legal circles have been excited the past week over the trial of a habeas corpus case for the possession of a 14-year-old girl called Annie Duggan. The child was in the possession of Mrs. John Mundary, who swore it was her daughter, while Mrs. Annie Moran, who also swore that she was the mother of the child, wanted possession. Each side produced a cloud of witnesses, including nurses, who had been present at the birth, doctors who had attended a child like Annie in babyhood, and photographers who brought negatives of the girl's picture as a child, into court and identified the child as the one by a mole on the forehead which was shown in both negatives. The evidence was the most conflicting on all points, the defence producing as perfect a claim as the plaintiff.

Judge Hosmer, before whom the case was tried, was in a quandary and resorted to all kinds of schemes to help him, but none of them worked. In summing up the case the judge said he had never heard of a case since Solomon's time where two women were so postive of being the mother of one child. He lacked the autocratic power of using the sword test, but should allow the child to stay with Mrs. Mundary. Mrs. Moran weakened her case by claiming the child as illegimate and the judge rather disliked to decide in her favor. The case will be taken to the supreme court.

The Force Election Bill.

What right has any man to say that the people of the United States, from whom civil power comes, are unfit to govern themselves? Yet there are men in Congress attempting to foist upon this free and independent people a Force bill that has for its object the curtailment of the civil power that elevated them to the high positions of honor and trust which they hold. The meaning of the bill, if it has any meaning beyond partisan greed, is that the people are incapable of self-government, and should be subject to a chosen few, and that chosen few should be the friends of monopoly. The free vote of the people is a menace to all monopolies and to any centralized form of government that tends to nourish and protect them. This stumbling block must be removed, say these oligarchists, and how can it be removed unless measures like the Force bill be resorted to, in order to lessen the power of the people?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A Steamer Burned at Sea.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—According to advices received here the steamship Shanghai recently caught fire at sea, and is supposed to have become a total loss. The disaster is understood to have occurred near Wu House, a port of the Chinese province of Nghanx Hoel, on the Yang-Tse-Kiane, about fifty miles above Nanking. The crew, consisting of about sixty natives, together with seventy European officers, are supposed to have met their death either in the flames or subsequently by drowning while attempting to escape from the burning vessel.

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more, she bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamps to W. H. Cole, Druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles of this wonderful discovery free at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

About a Legislative Manager.

There is an amusing controversy going on as to who shall manage the Legislature during the coming session. Chairman Andrews is understood to have signified his intention of playing the role of Legislative manager. This has caused a protest from some who think that Chairman Andrews in the recent campaign demonstrated his entire inability to manage anything. From this comes a suggestion that State Treasurer Boyer be made manager, as he has it in his power to hold back the salary of of any member of either House who shall refuse to be managed, and is therefore in a position to manage to some purpose.

From no source has the suggestion been made that the Legislature be left to manage itself. This is not as surprising as it might appear, considering the class of men who usually compose that body. They are not chosen with any idea that they will manage themselves. Most of them are selected solely because they are willing to be managed. If by any chance they were left to manage themselves they would probably score a failure. Hence this talk about a Legislative manager is the most natural thing in the world. The ordinary Pennsylvania Legislature without a manager would be in much the same predicament as a ship without a pilot.

One cannot help thinking that the public interests of Pennsylvania might be better served if a Legislature were chosen that could manage itself. The ordinary Legislative manager does not usually manage for the public. He manages for himself or for some stronger power of which he is the agent. But it is of no use to moralize about what might be. The present Legislature was elected to be managed, and managed it will be by somebody. Whether that somebody be Chairman Andrews or Treasurer Boyer, or some one else, is only a question between would-be managers. Neither of the proposed managers will take any particular interest in the public, and the public will take quite as little in who shall be manager.

When the Pennsylvania voters reach the point at which they take any real interest in the matters they will get along without Legislative managers, but but there is no immediate prospect that they contemplate a new departure on the subject.—*Phila. Times.*

State Claims.

The question of State claims against the Federal government is again brought to notice by the report of the Third Auditor of the Treasury in response to a resolution adopted by the Senate last July. The resolution authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to ascertain what amounts were due to several States and the city of Baltimore on account of advances and expenditures made by them in the War of 1812. It provided that the estimate should be made on the principle established by the settlement of the Maryland claim.

The Maryland claim was adjusted on the payment of principal and simple interest. That is, when interest payment was in defalt for a year, or part of a year; the unpaid balance was added, and did not carry interest with it. In other words, the plan was to avoid the multiplication of the claims by compounding the interest. The Auditor's report shows that on that basis there is coming to the State of Pennsylvania the sum of $368,411, being the original claim of $71,411, with interest from August 20, 1824, to January 1, 1891, making the total mentioned.

When the question was brought up a couple of years ago there was a troublesome surplus in the Treasury and the minds of men were directed toward the disposal of the funds in the most equitable manner. But no such conditions exist now and the question is, how shall the several millions involved be paid without detriment to the public service. It will have to be paid, however, and Pennsylvania should insist on its share being transferred at the earliest possible moment.—*Phila. Herald.*

Largest Carworks in the Unloc.

A Milwaukee dispatch says: It is stated that the Pennsylvania Railroad people will build the most extensive car works in the United States in the Chase Valley, on a portion of the original Nunnemacher farm, the property recently purchased. Although they refuse to talk about the matter, the facts about the great enterprise are becoming known, and it is said the tenants of the land have been notified to vacate by May 1, 1891, and the construction of the immense works will be pushed as rapidly as possible thereafter.

The company will commence with a capital of $800,000, of which between $500,000 and $600,000 has been subscribed. By many it is thought that the enterprise may result in the Pennsylvania Railroad company building into Milwaukee. A gentleman, who is in a position to be well informed about the new concern says the institution will be the finest and most extensive car works in the country, and that the stock will be owned principally by men interested in the Pennsylvania Railroad company.

Centre Iron Works to Start.

The Belfonte *Evening News* states that there is a movement being made toward the organization of a new company that will run the Centre Iron Company furnace and works. Messrs. Robert, Abram, C., George, and Jacob D. Valentine, Daniel Rhoades, J. W. Gephart, and John M. Dale have signed the certificate of incorporation and made application to the Governor for a charter.

The new company will be called the Valentine Iron Company and will probably begin operation as soon as the charter grant is received, which cannot be before the next term of Centre County Court, which will be held in the middle of January.

Eupepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We surantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions, and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the demon dyspepsia and install instead eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for all diseases of liver, stomach and kidneys Sold at 50c. and 1.00 per bottle at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The whipping post is to be re-established in portions of England as a penalty for the crime commonly called "scuttling," or running amuck.

—The Attorney General of Texas has decided that the court house of Bowie county must be built at the geograahical center, which is in the woods.

—A Hungarian, enraged because he could not get a pair of shoes to suit him in a South Bethlehem store, assaulted the salesman with a coal scuttle.

—London police now believe that "Jack, the Ripper" is a woman. They have all along been working on the theory that the terrible murderer was a man.

—A tract of 5,000 acres of timber lands containing 20,000,000 feet of standing timber in Elk county has been purchased by Henry Bayard & Co., of Philadelphia.

—C. Jones, while resisting arrest at Elgin, Kan., was shot and instantly killed by a constable Christmas evening. Jones was considered a tough character and was regarded as dangerous.

—George Sherwood, a cowboy, while drunk at Kingfisher, O. T., on Christmas, accidentally shot a squaw. Some of the squaw's Indian relatives caught Sherwood, tied him to a tree and shot him to death.

—Wiley Jones, colored, owns outright, two street car lines, twelve miles in total length, in Pine Bluff, Ark. He was born there and was a poor barber fifteen years ago. He is largely interested in real estate.

—At a test of steel manufactured at Reading, Pa., the other day a one-inch bar broke at a strain of 233,833 pounds, "being about 20,000 pounds in excess of the highest record authoratively known." The test was made under the supervision of Government officers.

—The crowded audience attending the Residenz Theater in Berlin on Christmas Eve was forced to sit fifty minutes in darkness, broken only by the feeble ray from a lantern placed on the stage, the electric light having failed in the middle of the performance.

—A special from San Augustine, Tex., gives the particulars of the burning of the entire business portion of that town on Monday. Loss, $100,000. Supposed to have been started from negroes gambling in a stable loft. About half the loss is covered by insurance.

—Mrs. Phillip Aurents, of near Lebanon, was dangerously shot in the forehead on Tuesday night of last week at her sister's wedding by some member of a calathumpian band that had become involved in an altercation with her brother. No arrest has yet been made.

—H. W. Curry, of Washington county, was recently jailed for inhuman treatment of a flock of sheep in not shearing them and in not providing proper food and shelter for them, was on Friday released from jail on payment of a fine of $20, so that he could go to his home, where his child lies dangerously ill.

—Mrs. Casazza, one of the inmates of an Italian tenement house at Chicago, went out shopping last Friday, leaving her three children, the youngest two years old, in the house. She had scarcely gone away, when the two older children started a bonfire of paper under the baby. The child was burned to death.

—A Christmas tree in the house of Mr. Penrose, on Grantz avenue, Philadelphia, caught fire on Thursday night, and the house which is entirely new, was partially destroyed before the the flames were subdued. Mrs. Fitzsimmons, aged 70, who was visiting the family, was terribly burned and died shortly after being removed from the house.

—On Friday evening an attendant of the Insane hospital at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, was out walking with a patient named Swenk. When they were near the station a passenger train approached. Swtnk, heretofore quiet, became unmanageable, broke from the attendant and threw himself in front of the engine. He was horribly mangled and cannot live.

—Big Sharp and Marshall Quillan, two negroes, had a whiskey-drinking contest in a saloon at Chatanooga. Several white men agreed to buy all the whiskey the negroes would drink. Each easily drank a pint and had begun on a second when Sharp fell to the floor dead. Quillan staggered into the back yard and fell in the mud, where he was found an hour later insensible. He is supposed to be dying.

—A half acre of ground and $40,000 worth of buildings slid off the earth at Iron Mountain, Missouri, the other day and into the lake and quicksand. Parts of the buildings were carried fifty feet. Fortunately the occupants were forewarned, and no lives were lost. The bluffs are underlaid with quicksand, which is frequently carried out by springs, causing acres every year to move into the lake, where the shore is not protected.

—One thousand girls who have been on a strike returned to work at Clark's thread mills at Newark, N. J., on Monday morning, including the twisters, spoolers and finishers. There is about three weeks' work on hand, and if the trouble with the spinners is settled by that time the girls will be kept on. The company expects a big supply of cotton from Scotland shortly and will then offer work to 1,000 more girls. The striking spinners and locked-up men find no fault with the girls for returning to work, as they were not organized.

—Isaac B. Sawtelle has been found guilty at Dover, N. H., of the murder of his brother Hiram. The sentence is that he be imprisoned in the State Prison at Concord until the first Tuesday of January, 1892, and that he then be hanged by the neck until dead. The story of the murder, in brief, is that Isaac and Hiram had trouble over their father's property; that if Hiram were out of the way Isaac would be in full possession; that Hiram was found dead, and the circumstances led to his brother having killed him. The weightiest testimony the jury had to consider was as to whether or not Hiram was murdered in New Hampshire, his body having been found just across the line in Maine. There was never any doubt from the first that Isaac was guilty.

In Memorium.

The following lines on the death of George H. Topper were handed to us for publication:

To-day there's a vacant place at home
And there are hearts sad and lone;
For friends have been called to part
With a loved one dear to the heart.

Mother and sister weep to-day
For a dear one laid away,
Whose cheerful voice they'll hear no more;
Until they meet on the heavenly shore.

Sisters and intended grieve
For a brother and lover that had to leave
The home circle that he loved to cheer
With loving words so kind and dear.

Friends weep as they miss his dear form
As they gather to church on a Sabbath morn—
In the place where he loved to tell
Of his hopes of heaven where he's gone to dwell.

Though he's at rest, we feel our loss,
But may we live that when called to cross
The river of death, we may surely meet
with him at our dear saviour's feet.

Meet in that beautiful city of light
Where never come the shades of night;
There in happiness forever to dwell
With Jesus and friends we love so well. Z.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

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Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

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My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

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bensburg, Nov. 11, 1885--tf.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,
FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURG, PA.
STILL COMING IN,
NEW TRIMMED JACKETS, NEW CLOTH JACKETS,

Extra Heavy Stockinette Jackets, newest things in Reefers, stylish things in Medium Weight Newmarkets in Plain Black and Plaids.
Seal Plush Jackets from $10 up to $35, choice and stylish in design, fit elegantly.
Seal Plush Sacques—the very best values ever sold, $14 up to $45. Please compare these with anything offered and see if you don't save money.
Our stock of loose Wraps, deserves special attention. Ladies who do not care for a tight fitting garment should see the provision we have made for them. Dress and comfort in Loose Garments especially made to our own order—in Plush, Beaver, Diagonal and Silk lined, fine imported Wool Cords. So great is the variety your case can be met and satisfied. Prices from $5 to $60 each.
New Fur Capes—From $4 to $50.
New Colarettes—$2.50 to $25.
New Muffs in all the fashionable furs—From 35c. to $65 each.
Children's Furs, Muffs, Boas and Colarettes; hundreds upon hundreds of Misses' and Children's Cloaks and Jackets. Also a full line of Boys' Clothing for School and Dress wear at prices lower than you generally pay for the same class of goods. Boys' Suits from $1.50 up to $12. Large Line New Fall Overcoats for Boys 4 to 18 years; prices, $2.50 to $12.
We still maintain our pre-eminence as the Leading House in

LADIES' AND MISSES' SUITS.

Our large Business in this line of goods enables us to present you with so many new styles and in such variety that it is an easy matter to get suited. All our Suits are designed and made up under the supervision of a first class Dress Maker, and we rarely ever make two suits alike. There is no question that we can, and do save the manufacturer's profits.
No charge for necessary alterations. While speaking of made up suits we are reminded that a new Hat or Bonnet is generally an accompaniment. These Hats and Bonnets are just alongside of the Suits—hundreds of them, dainty little Bonnets or Hats of colossal proportions, but all the embodiments of taste and fashion. Prices the lowest.

Christmas Goods Now Ready.

CAMPBELL & DICK.

Eckenrode - & - Hoppel,
—DEALERS IN—
General .·. Merchandise,
CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,

Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.

Eckenrode & Hoppel,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Duff's Mercantile College
Pittsburgh, Pa.

This old and reliable institution has prepared thousands of young men and women for the active duties of life. To those in want of a useful, practical education, circulars will be sent on application. Sep12.3t. P. DUFF & SONS.

THERE ARE MANY USES FOR SAPOLIO.

To clean tombstones. To renew oil-cloth. To renovate paint. To brighten metals.
To polish knives. To scrub floors. To wash out sinks. To scour bath-tubs.
To clean dishes. To whiten marble. To remove rust. To scour kettles.

EVERYBODY USES IT.

Dentists to clean false teeth, Engineers to clean parts of machines, Housemaids to scrub marble floors.
Surgeons to polish their instruments, Ministers to renovate old chapels, Chemists to remove acetic stains,
Confectioners to scour their pans, Sextons to clean the tombstones, Carvers to sharpen their knives,
Mechanics to brighten their tools, Hostlers on brasses and white horses, Shrewd ones to scour old straw hats
Cooks to clean the kitchen sink, Artists to clean their palettes, Soldiers to brighten their arms,
Painters to clean off carcasses, Wheelmen to clean bicycles, Housewives to clean carpets,

EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

HOOSICK FALLS, Conn., May 1, 1890.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Sirs:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my mare with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure. It was the best job I ever saw done. I have used many bottles, having used it with perfect success in curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad ringbone that baffled all skill. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He did so and the ringbone is gone. Just three weeks.
Yours respectfully, WILLIAM WARD.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, 1890.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, If we could only get Powder I ever kept of it. Respectfully, OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 16, 1890.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success. It is valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely sound from lameness and the use of the Cure. Respectfully, F. H. DOUGLAS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
MONROE, Ia., May 15, 1890.
Gents:—I think it my duty to write you and thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old colt which I valued highly. She had a very severe case of Ringbone, about eight different kinds of remedies failed to do no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days. I remain yours, EASTON JOHNSON.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent by express to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

oct10:90.1y.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE and other fine Shoes ranged, and so stamped on bottom, Manufactured by W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - - JANUARY 2, 1891.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Happy New Year.

—Subscribe for the FREEMAN

—Mr. Hershell Davis visited Pittsburg last week.

—Lehigh county has nearly $50,000 in her sinking fund.

—Mr. John Leighty, of Johnstown, was in town last week.

—Prof. T. B. Allison and family spent Christmas in Indiana.

—How are you getting along with your New Year's resolutions?

—Mr. Harry Fenlon, of Bellefonte, was in Ebensburg on Christmas Day.

—The Sons of Veterans held a ball in the Cresson House on New Year's night.

—The public schools of this place will be reopened until January 5th.

—The FREEMAN greets its readers this week in a bran new dress of type.

—The Masons held their annual banquet at the Mountain House on Wednesday.

—The new county officers commence working for the people on Monday next.

—Mr. Oode Wilkinson spent several days in Indiana between the Hollidays.

—Did you begin the new year with clean books? Some of our subscribers did not.

—Messrs. Phil G. Fenlon and Joseph Blair were in Johnstown several days last week.

—The Blair county Teachers' Institue is in session at Hollidaysburg during the present week.

—When you want first-class job printing give this office a trial. Prices the most reasonable.

—An old-time adage reads: "If Christmas day on Thursday be, a windy winter we shall see."

—Mr. Thomas J. Williams, of this place, visited relatives in Homestead, Allegheny county, last week.

—Miss Annie Maloney, who teaches school near Wilmore, is spending her vacation in Ebensburg.

—Mr. Olin Barker, who is attending Lafayette college at Easton, spent the holidays in Ebensburg.

—Mr. C. M. Parrish, of Bellefonte, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Parrish, of this place.

—Some of our people who have ice houses are now getting them filled with 12 inch ice of fine quality.

—A Pittsburg rascal has been fleecing colored persons by advertising to take the curls out of their hair.

—Mr. Walter Thompson, of Johnstown, has accepted the position of foreman of the Herald office, this place.

—The Ebensburg Cornet band treated the Ebensburg people to some very fine music on New Year's Day.

—Mr. John Seehler, of the *Herald* office, this place, has accepted the foremanship of the Altoona *Daily Mirror*.

—Henry McNichol was brought to jail on Thursday, charged with stealing a watch from William O'Brien, of Johnstown.

—An accident on the Pennsylvania railroad at Mineral Point, derailed 10 cars and an engine without injuring any one.

—Clement Jaggard, one of the oldest residents of Altoona, died on Friday, aged 68 years. He had been a resident of Altoona since 1851.

—The Westmoreland Paper Company's mill, down at West Newton closed down on Wednesday, for a short cause was assigned by the company.

—Two Hungarians were brought to jail from Hastings, charged with being engaged in a free-for-all fight at that place on Christmas Day.

—Messrs. John and William Shank, of Nicktown, are two of the FREEMAN'S new subscribers. They wanted the news and of course made a bee line for this office.

—We are pleased to note that the banking houses of Johnston, Buck & Co., of this place and Carrolltown, have resumed business. They opened up on Saturday last.

—Three of the passengers on the Branch train which stranded near Munster last Saturday night, walked all the way to Ebensburg the same evening. It took them about four hours to make the trip.

—Furs! Furs!—Hunters and others should remember that G. L. Fredericks, of this place, pays the highest cash price for otter, mink, red fox, gray fox, raccoon, skunk, opposum and muskrat furs and skins.

—Suit has been brought by the Indiana County Commissioners against the bail of John Gibson, late Treasurer of the county, for a balance of about $400 yet due the county.

—It has been computed that between 36,000,000 and 37,000,000 babies are born in the world each year. The rate of production is therefore, about 70 per minute, or more than one for every beat of the clock.

—From Friday night until Monday morning there was a fall of snow that on the level measures about thirteen inches. Along with the old snow there is now nearly three feet of snow in the woods.

—The bank of Saltsburg, Indiana county, which was forced to suspend by the Masison failure, will probably resume some time next month. The appraisers report that the assets largely exceed the liabilities.

—Judge Furst has appointed P. B. Zentmyer, of Clearfield county, receiver for the Clearfield Creek Coal Company, of which Hon. William A. Wallace is chief owner and director, and Judge Krebs of Clearfield is president.

—Capt. Samuel Kellar, a Pennsylvania railroad conductor, wo was recently elected sheriff of Dauphin county, was about to tender his resignation to the railroad company, when he was granted a leave of absence for three years.

—On Monday of last week John O'Toole, of Prospect, was appointed Mercantile Appraiser by the County Commissioners. The appointment was made on the first ballot, Commissioners Kirby and Lloyd voting for Mr. O'Toole's appointment.

—The appraisers of the estate of ex-Senator Wallace appointed by Judge Furst, on Tuesday completed their labors. The aggregate of the estate as appraised is $90,397.39. It consists largely of very valuable coal lands in Clearfield county.

—The Hotchkiss Nut and Bolt Works at Greensburg will be sold at Sheriff's sale on Wednesday, January 7, 1891. This will throw about 300 men out of employment, nearly all of whom have families depending on them and who have no other means of support.

—While Mr. August Kirshner and family and Miss Maggie Stoup, of Crab Tree, Westmoreland county, were crossing the railroad at Beatty on Sunday, their sleigh was struck by the second section of Western Express, and Mrs. Kirchner seriously and perhaps fatally, injured.

—For rent—An eight-room house on Horner street, in the East ward of Ebensburg, the property of John Howells. The property is in good repair and possession will be given immediately. For further particulars inquire of Cyrus Jones, at Mrs. E. E. Jones' millinery store.

—Mrs. E. R. Dunegan, of St. Augustine, is visiting friends in this place, during the present week.

Lost.—A small beagle hound with black and tan spots. Return to this office and receive reward.

—It cost Somerset county $875 for keeping her prisoners in the Indiana county jail durig the time of building Somerset county's new jail.

—For rent.—The Loretto House, Loretto Cmbria county. Also, a large storeroom with dwelling attached, adjoining the hotel property. Addre.s Mrs. M. F. McDonald, Loretto, Pa.

—On Wednesday President Harrison sent to the Senate the nomination of Thomas Munroe, of Gallitzin., to be postmaster at that place. Mr. Munroe is the present postmaster, but the office having become a 3rd class one, the postmaster is now appointed by the President.

—A lumber camp near Coudersport, Potter county, burned Tuesday, and with it Harvey Stevens, Chester Griswold and his father, of Green wood, N. Y. Mrs. Stevens and another Griswold escaped, but her little boy, who first awoke and broke through a window, was afterward found frozen to death.

—Val Makin, Charles Russel, John Russel, John O'Donnell and John Martin were arrested in Johnstown, Saturday for stealing a fifty dollar bill from the residence of Oliver Makin on the previous evening. The parties, with the exception of Martin, admitted the theft and were held in the sum of $200 bail for their appearance at Court. Martin was discharged.

—The train on the branch made its regular trips up until last Saturday evening when it stuck with two locomotives in a cut near Munster. The passengers were brought from there to Ebensburg on sleighs arriving here about two o'clock on Sunday morning. On Wednesday afternoon about four o'clock the train arrived at Ebensburg, and is again making its regular trips.

—The Exchange Hotel in Chest Springs caught fire on Friday morning of last week, and was burned to the ground. The hotel was leased and kept by Dr. J. B. Noonan, who loses heavily on the furniture. The building was owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Leiden, of St. Lawrence. We understand there was no insurance on the building. A defective flue is supposed to have caused the conflagration.

—Wanted, an intelligent lady or gentleman to introduce our new "Concise Cyclopedia of Religious Knowledge" to the attention of the Christian people of Ebensburg and vicinity. Nearly 1,000 large pages Handsomely illustrated. Over 5,000 titles. Grannest religious book ever published. Sells splendidly. For terms address A. J. Potter, Manager, 3 East 14th street, New York.

—Up in Lawrence county they have a significant method of retaliating upon persons who reject the privileges of citizenship. Judge Hazen has issued orders not to place in the jury wheel the name of any man who is either too careless or too pronounced in his religious views to go the polls to vote. In this manner emphasis is laid on the unfitness of those who do not appreciate the rights of citizenship to exercise those rights in any capacity.

—Mrs. Margaret rellet of William McKinney, died at her home in Summerhill township on Tuesday evening last from the effects of a paralytic stroke. The deceased lady was the mother of two children, one of whom is dead, and the other is the wife of John Cramer, of Portage, and had been a widow for the past twenty-five years, her husband having died shortly after his return from the war in the spring of 1865. The funeral took place on Thursday, interment being made in the Catholic cemetery at Wilmore.

—At a meeting of the operators of the Philipsburg and Beech Creek districts held at Philipsburg, the following action was taken, and is intended to be in reply to the demand of their miners for an advance Jan. 1: "Whereas, There has be en no advance in mining asked from competitive regions, and for part of this region, therefore be it resolved, that we deem it unjust and uncalled for to make a demand for an advance in price in this region." This action will lead to a strike to-day (Thursday) unless the miners weaken.

—A dispatch from Harrisburg in the Pittsburg papers of Monday says: The Board of Pardons will hold its next meeting on Thursday, January 7. It is believed that the attorneys for the Nicelys, the Somerset county murderers, will make another effort at this meeting to secure a rehearing for their clients, on the ground of newly-discovered evidence. The generality of people do not place much faith in the value of this evidence, and it is the impression at the State department that Governor Beaver will sign the Nicelys' death warrant within a few days.

—Ex-County Auditor Cyrus A. Porter, who is indicted for poisoning the live stock of the the Misses Moore at New Salem, Fayette county, under $1,000 bail for March court, has also been arrested by the young ladies for threatening to do injury to their property and violence to their persons. He is placed under bonds to keep the peace toward them. They allege he committed the crimes in revenge for the refusal of Miss Addie Moore to marry him. Porter is scared and has advertised the sale of his personal property with the intention of moving away from the community.—*Westmoreland Democrat.*

—Mrs. Stein Welty, a worthy lady residing at Pleasant Unity, Westmoreland county, was seriously injured a few evenings ago by being knocked down by a sled upon which several boys were coasting. She was crossing the street and had gotten nearly over when the sled struck her, throwing her to the ground with great violence, cutting her head and bruising her upon different parts of the body. The lady, who is rather delicate, sustained such a severe shock to her nervous system that she has lost her reason and grave fears are entertained that she will never recover.—*Greensburg Tribune.*

—Mine host L. A. Craver, of the Blair House, after sending us a turkey on Christmas morning, started with his wife and a couple of his children, accompanied by Mr. Frank Krug, wife and children of this place, to visit friends in Carroll township. They were caught away from home by the storm and the result was that the Blair House was without a landlord up until Tuesday night when the weather clerk was propitiated and the party arived safely home. Small things sometimes have great effects and the moral in this story lies in the fact that if Mr. Craver had not sent us that turkey he might be snowed up yet. It is a goodt thing to get the printer's blessing before starting on a trip.

—The family of George Emigh, of Wallacetown will remember Christmas Day of 1890 for some time. At about 6 o'clock that morning Mr. Emigh got up and built a fire in the cook stove. The pipe runs through the room above and around the pipe the paper had become loosened and falling hung against the pipe which became hot enough to set the paper on fire. After blazing awhile it fell on a bed in which a daughter was asleep and before the family knew it the bed was on fire. The family consists of the parents and seven children, ranging from a year old up. The fire spread so rapidly that part of the family had to jump out of the up-stairs windows. The family lost everything, even their clothing, and what is still worse there was no insurance on the building or goods. —*Clearfield Republican.*

—Emanuel McGuire, of Braddock, went to Johnstown on Christmas morning to visit relatives in that city. While there he visited McCauley's barber shop for the purpose of getting shaved and while sitting on a chair waiting for his turn, was stricken with appoplexy and suddenly expired. He was a widower and leaves eight motherless children.

—Major George Nelson Smith, who was well known to many of the older residents of this county, died at his home in Philadelphia on Monday last in the eighty-third year of his age. Major Smith was for a number of years a resident of Johnstown where he established the *Allegheny Mountain Echo*, a Democratic paper, which he published for a number of years. During his residence in Johnstown he served three terms as a member of the Legislature from this county and was a popular and influential member. He was a veteran of the Mexican war and also of the war of the rebellion.

Peter Ermire Burned to Death.

Some time on Wednesday night of last week, the dwelling house of Peter Ermire, in Wilmore, caught fire and when discovered by the neighbors, about midnight, was a mass of flames inside, with the floors about falling through. The efforts of the neighbors who arrived on the scene were directed to saving the household goods of Mr. David O'Hara, who lived in an adjoining property, and to the preventing of the spreading of the flames, that for a time, threatened the destruction of the upper end of the town. Through the superhuman efforts of the neighbors the fire was confined to the two houses, Ermire's and O'Hara's and both were burned down, the latter gentleman losing a great portion of his household goods. Fears were entertained at the time of the discovery of the fire that Peter Ermire, who lived alone in his house was in the building and burned up. The fears proved too true as after the fire had somewhat subsided, the remains of the unfortunate man were found in the ashes. The victim had been drinking considerable during the day and it is supposed that during the night he in some manner started the conflagration that ended his life.

Peter Ermire was about 70 years of age, and a butcher by trade and had been a resident of Wilmore or vicinity for perhaps forty years. He was twice married his first wife dying several years ago, and his second wife being at present in the Dixmont Insane Assylum, having been sent to that institution about a year ago.

Correspondence.

Mr. Michael Gleason, an aged resident of Portage township, died at the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Jeremiah Gleason, in Portage, on Friday last. The deceased was a native of Ireland but lived in this country upwards of forty years, most of the time on a farm owned jointly with his brother, the late Jeremiah Gleason, and situated at the head of Trout Run, on the Blue Knob. He was an industrious, sober man, and with his brother had amassed a considerable fortune. For the past thirty years, however, he was the victim of that that terrible and loathsome disease, cancer, which destroyed his nose and rendered him an object of pity. For the last three years he was nearly helpless. The funeral took place on Monday, the remains being interred in the Catholic cemetery at Newry, Pa.

Mr. David Kratzer, of Ashville, is suffering from an attack of rheumatism. M.

Resolutions of Respect.

The following resolutions on the death of William McNeelis were adopted at a recent meeting of the St. Augustine Total Abstinence Society.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to call from our midst William McNeelis. And

WHEREAS, We deplore his loss with extraordinary grief on account of his most devoted membership in this society, and unsurpassed example of generous Christian faith and practice. And

WHEREAS, This community sorrowing pray for his happiness, we the more feel his absence. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That submitting to the Divine Will, we be consoled that he departed this life in God's friendship. And further, be it

Resolved, That we sympathize with his exemplary family and pray for his repose and their resignation to the Supreme Will, bring them a framed respectful of these resolutions and publish them.

REV. H. MCEVOY,
LUKE BERB,
JOHN F. MARTIN, } Com.
EDW'D DUNEGAN,

School Reports.

Following is the report of Beaver Valley school in White township for the month ending December 15th, 1890: Number enrolled, boys, 38; girls, 30; total 68. Average attendance, boys 27; girls, 20; total, 42. Those perfect in attendance were: Chas. Herdman, Walter Strayer, Bert Strayer, Blair Walters, Willie Flemming, Roy Moore, Minnie Herdman, Lizzie Helsel, Pearl Moore, Julia Glass, Hannah Glass, Lizzie Strayer and Mary Kuhn.

The following is the report of Trexler's school for month ending December 16th, 1890: Number enrolled, boys, 16; girls, 22; total 38. Average attendance, boys, 12; girls, 17; total, 39. Those perfect in attendance were: Elmer Will, Flora Will, May Will, Aggie Sufton, Maud Sutton, Nora Sutton, Clemmie Wilt and Mary Wilber.

A Dollar Plugged With Gold.

Gen, Berdan has written a letter to Francis Newlands, chairman of the National Silver Executive committee, in Washington proposing a novel solution of the silver coinage problem. His scheme is to make a dollar of gold and silver, mechanically combined, by first making a silver coin worth 25 cents (about the same size as the present quarter (with a hole in the center, and then pressing a plug of gold in the hole that is worth 75 cents; the number of grains of silver employed to be fixed by Congress. This would yield a dollar small in size, but of full face value, and, to protect the gold from friction, a milled rim around the plugged hole in the coin would be sufficient.

Card of Thanks.

The undersigned respectfully tender their heartfelt thanks to the people of Wilmore and vicinity for their heroic efforts to save our property during the fire on the morning of December 24th, as it is undoubtedly due to their efforts that the building was saved from destruction.

Thankfully yours,
LIZZIE DORAN,
JANE LEAHEY,
KATIE DORAN.

Wilmore, Pa., Dec. 29, 1890.

Remarkable Pair of Twin Horses.

According to the Lockhaven *Democrat*, the most remarkable span of horses in Clinton county is owned by Commissioner H. B. Kleckner. These horses were twin colts, jet black, and look exactly alike. They are now past twenty-six years of age and have worked on the farm since they were three years old. Mr. Kleckner at one time refused $1,200 for them. Something remarkable about this team is that when in the pasture field they are never more than twenty feet distant from each other.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for two weeks ending Wednesday, December 31st, 1890:

Patrick St. John and Annie Kunisky, Frugality.

Edward Buddle and Martha Patterson, Frugality.

Thomas D. Broderick and Grace A. Rigney, Johnstown.

Thomas Dronsfield and Emma S. Baker, Stonycreek township.

Daniel J. Rose and Charlotte Odella McCreary, Johnstown.

J. A. Gersting and Kernie Leslie, Morrelville.

Milton M. Thomas and Mary Keafer, Johnstown.

W. E. Miltonberger, Somerset county, and Katie G. Giffen, East Conemaugh.

Philip G. Jones, Lower Yoder township, and Lillie E. Peters, Johnstown.

William Fish and Laura A. Hainly, Frugality.

Maholon Berkepile and Eva Zeigler, Morrellville.

Abraham L. Watt and Annie Montgomery, Gallitzin township.

Henry McCoy and Mary A. McLeese, Hastings.

Charles Gable and Jennie Paul, Summerhill.

Philip S. Coy, East Conemaugh, and Mary Fyack, Conemaugh township.

J. C. Harrison, Johnstown and Maggie, Strickler, Lanark, Illinois.

George W. Warehaur, Hagerstown, Md., and Jennie A. George, Blacklick township.

Henry Teter and Gertrude Wayland, Stonycreek township.

Charles Leo Docker Butler, Pa., and Alice O'Hara, Johnstown.

Patrick P. Martin and Maggie Hanlin, Johnstown.

Thomas H. Kirpatrick, Carroll township, Mary Trexler, Clearfield township.

William McClellan and Alice E. Troxel, Reade township.

Stephen Tokar and Annie Stefko, Johnstown.

H. J. Conrad, Johnstown, and Mary V. Zolner, Lower Yoder township.

William Schry, Cumberland, Md., and Katharine Daum, Johnstown.

John S. Nicholls and Achiah Turner, Johnstown.

Jonathan Helsel and Christiana Wonders, Adams township.

John Shanwisky and Annie O'Neil, Johnstown.

John Minahan and Eva Hagues, Coopersdale.

A Sorrowful Christmas.

From the Johnstown *Tribune* of Friday last we take the particulars of a fatal shooting accident that occurred on Christmorning:

Joseph Frick and his son George, aged between six and seven years, went out into the woods near their home at Brownstown yesterday (Christmas) morning. The father had with him a breech-loading gun. He shot two loads out of it in the woods.

When the father and son returned home the former jokingly remarked to his wife that he was done hunting; that he never got any game and never could see anything to shoot at when he went to the woods.

The father put the gun in the corner and took off his hat and coat, and the boy sat at the end of a table to crack some nuts. The father then took the gun and laid it on the table to remove the shells of the two shots fired in the woods.

In some manner, while he was doing this, the weapon was discharged and the ball entered the boy's forehead about the center, coming out back of the left ear. The little fellow toppled over on the floor. The father ran out to John Green's, his nearest neighbor, and told him what had happened, and one of Green's sons started for Dr. Porch, who arrived in a few minutes, but the boy was dead.

The child was the father's favorite and the little one's death has almost unseated his reason.

Local Institute.

Following is the program for a local institute to be held at Chest Springs on January 10th, 1891, commencing at 1 o'clock, P. M: Music by Institute; Sentimental roll call; Address of Welcome, Dr. Somerville; Methods of teaching primary arithmetic, A. J. Sanker; Recitation, Miss Maud Perry; How to prevent tardiness and to secure regular attendance, M. J. Cramer; How to secure apparatus for the school, G. L. Bearer; Mistakes, J. S. Foley; Methods of treating truancy, Miss Agatha Wharton; Grammar, T. B. Allison; Music by the Institute; Paper, Miss Felicitas Randall. Teachers, parents and friends of education are cordially invited to attend.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

ARGUMENT LIST.
Argument Court, January 12th, 1891.

Commonwealth.....vs. Griffith.
Same.....vs. Cook.
Farber.....vs. Haywood.
Carroll.....vs. Saxman.
Commonwealth.....vs. Krotzenderfor.
Same.....vs. Same.
Same.....vs. Rhody.
Same.....vs. Guadago.
McKay.....vs. Anderson.
Martin.....vs. McGlade.
Hopple et al.....vs. Miller et al.
Mellon.....vs. Hager.
Homgardner.....vs. Homgardner.
Quinn.....vs. Lentz.

In re exceptions to opening Locust St., Johnstown.

Eash.....vs. Commonwealth.
Avner.....vs. Petter.

In re exceptions to report of John P. Linton, Esq., auditor in Secse estate.

Commonwealth.....vs. Ford et al.

In re petition of A. J. Moxham to strike off satisfaction of mortgage.

Creig.....vs. Hornick.

In re rule to show cause on Charles Drass.

Blotter.....vs. Blotter.
Same.....vs. Same.
Valley Pike Co.....vs. Slagle.
Irving.....vs. Richards.
McDonald.....vs. Hoover.
Malchonson.....vs. Laughry.
Directors of Poor.....vs. Thomas.
Blair, assignee.....vs. Stoy.

In re report of M. D. Kittell, Esq., auditor in Peter Myers estate.

In re report of M. D. Kittell, Esq., auditor in Peter Myers estate.

Gettings.....vs. Pocono Stone Co.
Yost.....vs. Yost.
Guy-.....vs. Flynn.
Heslop.....vs. Strayer.

In re rule on Rule on R. E. Cresswell, Esq.

Bashore.....vs. Commonwealth.

In re petiqtion of Cyrus Crum to satisfy mortgage.

In re petition of Jacob W. Smay to satisfy mortgage.

Yahnert.....vs. Wendell.
March.....vs. Wilhelm & McGonigle.
March.....vs. Same.
Smith & Robinson.....vs. Burke.
Robaugh.....vs. Wentroth.
Same.....vs. Same.

In re road in Blacklick township.

Poor Directors Clarion county.....vs. Poor Directors Cambria county.

Litzinger.....vs. Beck.

In re petition to abolish independent school district of South Fork.

Bridge.....vs. Neese.
Atlas.....vs. Bearer.
Same.....vs. Link.
Same.....vs. Wyland.

In re bridge over Clearfield creek in Gallitzin township.

In re road in Cambria township.

Duncan.....vs. Duncan.
Hurlburt & Sons.....vs. Lockhardt.

JAS. C. DARBY,
Prothonotary.

Ebensburg, Jan. 2, 1891.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE!

A LOT of ground in the West ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cmbria county, Pa, fronting on Sample street having thereon erected a

FRAME HOUSE

and outbuildings, all in good repair. For terms or particulars callon or address

JOHN NEALAN, Nicktown, Pa., or
M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The annual election for Directors of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria County will be held at the office of the Secretary in Ebensburg, on **Monday, January 12th, 1891**, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

T. W. DICK,
Ebensburg, Pa., Dec. 121 1891.3t. Secretary.

NOTICE.

As my wife Harriet has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I hereby notify all persons not to harbor or trust her on my account as I will pay no bills contracted by her.

MATHEW MONTGOMERY.
White Twp., Dec. 19, 1890.3t.

TAKE FOR
RHEUMATISM
GOUT, BACKACHE, Pains in the Side, the Chest and the Joints, Neuralgia, Sprains, etc., etc., the
IMPORTED
"ANCHOR"
PAIN EXPELLER
IT IS AND WILL EVER BE
The BEST, UNEQUALED REMEDY.
Used with great success in the Imperial and Royal General Hospital of Vienna and many others.
One Unsolicited Testimonial out of Thousands:
TEUTOPOLIS, ILL., Jan. 29, '90.
Your Anchor Pain Expeller is really excellent. One of our Sisters, suffering from Rheumatism for years, could find nothing to cure her but your Anchor Pain Expeller.
School SISTERS DE NOTRE DAME.
50 Cents a bottle.
OF MOST DRUGGISTS, OR DIRECT FROM
F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,
310 Broadway, New York.
European Houses: Rudolstadt, Gr'y, London, Vienna, Rotterdam, Prague, Konstein, Olten, Nuremberg, Leipsic.
22 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.
FREE Books about other Anchor Remedies on Application.

oct 3 1890 1y.

B. & B.

BETTER VALUES

and more for your money in every case—on every item is what we claim.

Write our Mail Order Department for

SAMPLES

of Dry Goods of any kind that you may be in want of; compare qualities and prices with others you may find, and see if we do not prove our claim every time. Only on this principle of giving the most and best obtainable for every dollar do we hope for your patronage. No sentiment in this.

We offer among other specials this week—

30 Inch Imported Tailor suitings, checks and stripes, 45 cents.

40 Inch Cloth Suitings, mixed and solid colors, 45 cents.

36 Inch All-Wool Camel's Hair, all colors, 45 cents.

48 Inch Cheviotte Suitings, 75 cents; in all ultra fashionable shades.

50 Inch Scotch Check Mixtures, medium dark colors, 75 cents (sold universally at $1.00 elsewhere.)

For the Holidays special large and elegant stocks of

Handkerchiefs.
Mufflers.
Gloves.
Umbrellas.
Gents' Furnishings.

FANCY GOODS

And very extensive lines of
of all kinds at our usual low and attractive prices.

We will fill your orders by mail to your satisfaction and profit.

BOGGS & BUHL,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

A lot of ground in West ward of the borough of Ebensburg, fronting 124 feet on Julian street and extending back 132 feet, having thereon erected a good two-storied

FRAME HOUSE

and ALL NECESSARY OUTBUILDINGS.

Also, a lot of ground in Cresson, in Washington township, Cambria county, near the Cullan House, fronting 83 feet and extending back 82 feet. This lot is an excellent location for a store or hotel. For particulars, call on or address

T. J. CONDON, Gallitzin, Pa.,
M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.
December 19, 1890.2t

HASTINGS HOTEL.
H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.

Located at the Station, near the centre of the town, on Fourth Avenue. We endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.

H. J. SCHETTIG.

FOR SALE.

In Cambria Township, within fifteen minutes walk of Post Office, a small property, beautifully situated and affording a fine view of the town and surrounding country. Contains five and a-half acres (5½) of fertile land a fine orchard, lawn shaded with maples and catalpa trees. Four roomed house with summer kitchen, wood and coal house attached. Excellent cellar. Drilled well, never failing supply of pure, cold water. Good stable, three stalls and carriage shed. Excellent location for summer home, or fruit and truck farm. For terms call on or address.

MRS. A. R. READ,
Ebensburg, Pa.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the first and final account of John Eger, executor of Margaret Gillan, late of Washington township, deceased.

Having been apdointed auditor to make and report distribution of the funds in the hands of the accountant, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in Ebensburg for the purpose of my appointment on Thursday, January 8th, 1891, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all parties interested may attend or be debarred from coming in on said fund. F. A. SHOEMAKER,
Dec. 19, 1890.3t Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Henry Freidhoff, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Henry Freidhoff, late of Munster township, deceased, have been granted to me. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement to

SIMON CONRAD,
Administrator of Henry Freidhoff, dec'd.
Lilly, Pa., Dec. 12, 1890. 6t.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale pieces of real estate situate in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., containing respectively sixty-six and fifty-five acres and allowance. The property is improved and in good state of cultivation, and will be sold at a reasonable price and upon easy terms. For Furtner particulars call on or address Alvin Evans, Ebensburg, Pa., or LUKE ROGERS, Loretto, Pa.
December 12, 1890.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Collonade Row, on Centre street.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA
Office in Opera House, Centre street.

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.
Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ch7-18-90

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
Office on Centre street, near High.

Where Are You Going, My Love?

Why, to Gus. Simon's.

Where else? You ought to see the line of Holiday Goods he received this week. Why, I never saw the like. I'm going there at once, so I don't miss a thing and get my choice. You know the old story—"first come, first served"—and now let me tell you what all he got in, and moreover, just observe the ridiculously low prices his goods are selling at:

One thousand Dolls at 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 65 cents, etc.
Five hundred Cups and Saucers at 10, 15, 20, 25, 35 and 50 cents.
Two hundred and fifty Shaving Mugs at 5, 10, 20, 25 and 50 cents.
Come, girls, here's your opportunity.
Six hundred and fifty fine Vases at 25, 35, 50, 75 and 98 cents a pair.
Two hundred small Night Lamps—Nellie Bly's and Baby McKee's—at 35 cents each.
Fifty fine Hanging lamps, decorated shades, $2.50 and up.
Seventy five Library Lamps; beautifully decorated, $2 48 and up.
One hundred and ninety-five very fine Tea and Dinner Sets for children at 25 cents and up.
Two hundred Clappers at 5 cents and any amount of tree Ornaments, etc.
One hundred and fifty fine Tin Kitchen sets, any size, from 25 cents up.
Steam pumps, Steam Engines. For the little girls, Dust-Pans and Brushes, nice Tin Stoves, sets of Parlor Furniture. For the boys, we have Sleds, Hobby Horses, Calf Drums, Saw and Buck, Soldier Sets, Guns, any number of Trumpets, Pistols, Dominoes, Dott's Checker Boards, Ten Pins, Glockenspeils, Music Boxes, small Baby Carriages, Work Boxes, Gigs and Giggles' work and small Church Baskets, and anything and everything you may want for the holidays.

$1,000 Worth Candies & Nuts

just received. Candies, per pound, 10, 12 and 15 cents. Caramels and Chocolate candies included. So, make SIMON'S your headquarters for Toys and Candies. It will pay you.

August Simon,

CHESTNUT STREET, GALLITZIN.

THE - STATE - CAPITAL.

Watch the Proceedings of Your Legislature.

The Harrisburg Daily PATRIOT, in addition to the general news of the day, will contain full reports of the proceedings of the Legislature during the session of that body. Send one dollar and twenty-five cents to the publisher and get a copy every day during the session.

The Weekly PATRIOT is an excellent family journal and will also contain a report of the legislative proceedings. Terms: $1 per copy per annum; to clubs of ten or more, 75 cents per copy per annum, with an additional copy to the getter-up of the club. Postage on the Daily and Weekly prepaid by the publisher.

The Daily PATRIOT and FREEMAN both for $6 per annum.

The Weekly PATRIOT and the FREEMAN both for $2 per annum.

Orphans' Court Sale

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an all as order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pa., to me directed, I will expose to public sale on the premises on

SATURDAY, JAN'Y 10TH, 1891,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following described real estate, viz:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded by land of Thomas Wilt, John Sheron, M. L. Cupples and Joseph Travis, containing

43 Acres,

more or less, and having thereon erected a House, Barn and Outbuildings, and having a good orchard and an excellent spring on the premises.

TERMS OF SALE.

Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; the balance of one-third at confirmation of sale; one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months from confirmation of sale. Deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOSEPH F. COOPER.
Executor of Patrick Donovan, deceased.
St. Augustine, Pa., Dec 19th, 1890.3t.

NOTICE TO PERSONS

DESIRING TO INVEST IN

Borough Bonds!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Borough of Ebensburg, Pa., is about to issue bonds in the amount of **$6,000.00**, in sums of **$100.00** each, with interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, payable semi annually, free from taxation so far as the individual holders are concerned. Persons desiring to invest in such securities will please make known at once to the undersigned or Fergus C. Lloyd, Deputy Burgess, the amount or number of such bonds they wish to purchase. These bonds will be sold to the first purchasers presenting themselves, hence the necessity of promptness in making known the number of bonds desired. E. E. EVANS,
Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1890. Burgess.

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

A. FOSTER,
Formerly of the Firm of Geis, Foster & Quinn.

Is Located at 247 and 249 Main Street, Johnstown, Pa.,

With a large and full stock of Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Trimmings, Hosiery, Linens, Flannels, and Winter Goods.

Carpets and Oilcloths

of every description and everything in the line of House Furnishing Goods at the lowest prices.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF
THAT CAN BE RELIED ON
BE UP TO THE MARK
Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!
BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE
ELLULOID
MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.
THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

mar1.89-1y

OVERCOATS!

Clothing! :: Clothing!

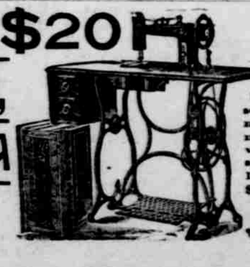
Having returned from the Eastern cities I am now prepared to show you the largest and best selected stock of Clothing, Ha's, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods at the lowest prices in the county. As I buy and sell for cash, I can and will sell you Clothing at prices that defy competition. Never before have the people of Cambria had such an opportunity of buying first class goods at such low prices. Call soon and see my stock, learn prices and be convinced.

Very Respectfully,

C. A. SHARBAUGH,
CARROLLTOWN, PENN'A.

oct3-90-1y

ONLY $20
HIGH ARM,
PHILAD'A
SINGER.



WARRANTED 5 YEARS.
15 DAYS TRIAL.
Has Self-setting Needle, self-threading shuttle, is noiseless and light-running, has the handsomest wood-work, and finest set of extra attachments. Don't pay agents $55 or $60; send for circular.
THE C. A. WOOD CO.
17 N. 10th St. Phila. Pa.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

A Mine of Information Condensed Into Instructive Sentences.

The sea occupies three-fifths of the surface of the earth. At the depth of about 3,300 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box 6 feet deep were filled with sea water allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be 2 inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above. Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm one would think the water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are 40 feet high, and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamship. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height, hence a wave 5 feet high will extend over 75 feet of water. The force of the sea dashing on Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard. Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea, 14 feet thick, is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burden into the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back at last through rivers. The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered from 6,564 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plain on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves. It has been found difficult to get the correct soundings of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and shot weighing 30 pounds carries down the line. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cup is dug out, and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling unhooks, and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the water from washing the sand out. When the ground is reached a shock is felt, as if an electric current had passed through the line.

REFORMER BESSIE.

Four Children Learn a Good Deal from a Little Puppy.

L. S. Hunt tells the following little story in the Examiner:

Bessie must have wakened in the morning with a plan in her busy little head for teaching certain members of the Newton family a lesson. The first thing she did was to go into the library, and finding on a chair a new magazine that Harry had left there she pulled off a cover. "There!" thought she, "I'll teach Harry not to leave so valuable a thing as a book where it doesn't belong." Then she went in the boys' room, and finding a borrowed book out of place she remarked to herself: "This will never do. A borrowed book should always be carefully put away. I'll just destroy this one to teach Master Willie a lesson." So she soon defaced its pretty, bright color badly.

Next she visited Marjory's room, and, finding more dust on the floor than should have been there, she evidently thought of the saying: "Dirt is misplaced matter," and gave Marjory a gentle hint by tipping the contents of the scrap basket out upon the floor.

Then she went into the sitting-room, and, finding Alice's hat on a little work-stand, she thought: "Another thing out of place—another lesson to be taught." So she pulled out the feather, leaving last and trimmings on the floor.

When all was done she cuddled up on the lounge, well satisfied with her morning's work. At the dinner table the members of the family looked as though each wished some one else would speak first. Finally mamma said:

"I see Bessie has been trying to teach us a lesson."

Four voices answered faintly: "Yes."

"She certainly has taught us once more that there shall be a place for every thing and every thing should be in its place," said papa.

"Including Bessie herself," added mamma.

And she did. Well, Bessie was a six-months-old puppy with innocent, soft brown eyes.

SOME BIG MISTAKES.

In Epigrammatic Lecture by the Editor of the "Ram's Horn."

Preachers who get sour and scold when things do not go to suit them, make a big mistake.

People who leave their politeness at home when they travel on railway trains, make a big mistake.

Young people who put off becoming Christians because they think they have fifty years to do it in, make a big mistake.

Men who are afraid to give their wives a word of praise, for fear it will spoil them, make a big mistake.

Parents who want their children to keep out of the church until they are old enough to understand all the doctrines and decide for themselves, make a big mistake.

Farmers who feed their pigs and cattle good corn, and pay no attention to what kind of books and papers their children are reading, make a big mistake.

Women who are overly anxious about their complexions, and underly anxious about their salvation, make a big mistake.

Young men who think they know it all, and that father and mother don't know any thing, make a big mistake.

Fathers who whip their boys for doing on the sly what they themselves are doing openly, make a big mistake.

People who expect to get to Heaven, just because they have shaken hands with the preacher and had their names enrolled on the church book, make a very big mistake.

Hard on Industrious Farm Hands.

"These barbed wire fences ain't no good," said the farm hand. "I wouldn't have one of 'em around the place, if I was the boss."

"Why not?" inquired the stranger. "They're strong, and keep cattle in better than any thing else."

"That may be," replied the farm hand, "but then a feller can't sit down to rest on 'em."

A Vessel Manned by Monks.

A vessel arrived the other day at Messina, belongs to the monastery Mount Athos, and is manned entirely by monks, all of whom perform their duties cheerfully, and are employed in the habit of their order. She is named the Prophet Elias.

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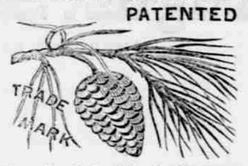

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Poor, Foolish Men.

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HE HELD THE BAG.

But the Old Trick Didn't Work, for the Boston Man Caught the Rabbit.

Some time since a gentleman from Boston went to an Illinois town seeking rest and pleasure, says the St. Louis Republic. The gentleman knew all about Boston baked beans and brown bread, but very little about the long-eared Illinois rabbit. One afternoon a number of men and boys were discussing the matter of the great number of rabbits in the country this season, as it was thought they were all exterminated last winter. Some one in the crowd remarked that it would be good fun to go out "bagging" rabbits. The Boston man, not knowing what "bagging" rabbits meant, began to inquire. It was explained to him, and he expressed himself anxious to engage in such sport. It was arranged to go out to the timber east of the town that night and catch rabbits by the bagging process.

About 8:30 o'clock the crowd started. When about a half mile out of town they came to a hazel thicket where the rabbits were said to be numerous. The Boston man was stationed just outside of the thicket to hold the bag (a big coffee sack), while the boys went through the brush pretending to scare the rabbits out and run them into the sack. While going through the thicket the boys did actually scare up a rabbit, which ran directly into the bag.

The boys ran back to town and waited the coming of the bag-holder, who, they thought, would get lost in the timber and would be slow returning. They did not have long to wait, for in a few minutes in came the Boston man, the bag and rabbit on his shoulder, feeling happy, and remarking: "By gosh, I caught him."

Not yet discovering the trick that they had tried to play on him, he supposed that the rabbit was purposely driven in the sack.

The laugh was on the boys and the Boston man turned out to be the lion of the occasion, having bagged his game successfully. No more tricks have been played on the gentleman from Boston.

DR. TODD'S MISTAKE.

A Long-Winded Dissertation Ends in the Lecturer's Hasty Retreat.

If old Dr. Todd, of the R—— Medical College, where he is one of the most learned and valuable lecturers, has a pet hobby, it is "emphysema." The doctor, says the Chicago Herald, has a theory that directly conflicts with the beliefs of nearly all of the other eminent practitioners of the world. He holds that all players upon wind instruments have diseased lungs. The affection so contracted he calls "emphysema." Twice a year he lectures learnedly on emphysema. He has even been heard to remark that through this malady, discovered by himself, his name will be handed down to the future ages. As we now speak of "Bright's disease," so will future generations refer to "Todd's disease." One day a tall, cadaverous-looking individual entered Dr. Todd's clinic. A glance sufficed to show that the patient was in the last stages of consumption.

"What is your occupation?" inquired the doctor.

"I play in a band," hoarsely wheezed the poor sufferer.

"Aha!" exclaimed Dr. Todd, turning to the class, "what have I so often told you, gentlemen? Here we have a fine case of emphysema." Then followed a long dissertation on the effects produced upon the lungs by continually blowing a wind instrument. The class listened with great attention. They were not exactly convinced, but they could not help admitting that the doctor for once was making a strong argument. When the latter had finished he turned triumphantly to the consumptive musician and asked, patronizingly:

"What wind instrument do you play, sir?"

"The bass drum," wheezed the gentleman.

VOORHEES' ELOQUENCE.

Emotional Oratory That Came to an Ignominious End.

Senator Voorhees is an eloquent lawyer and is justly noted for his influence over a jury. Sometimes, however, he moves their sympathies and that of the court to no purpose, as one or two stories told in the New York Tribune will show.

He was once engaged in a suit before a justice of the peace to defend a young lady in an action against a bank. The case was a weak one, but Mr. Voorhees endeavored to work on the feelings of the court. He depicted the sufferings of his client until the sympathy of the "squire" was so aroused that tears trickled down the old gentleman's cheeks. But the decision was a disappointment.

"The plaintiff," said the squire, "is a woman, and her counsel has for the last hour touched the sympathy of the court in her behalf. I am glad of it; but I think, under the law, that justice is on the side of the bank. I therefore will find in favor of the bank, and let the record show that Mrs. —— has the full sympathy of the court."

Mr. Voorhees tells another story of emotional eloquence which came to an ignominious end. He had succeeded in delivering an appeal which had brought tears to the eyes of several jurymen. Then arose the prosecuting attorney, a gruff old man, with piping voice and nasal twang.

"Gentlemen," said he, deliberately helping himself to a pinch of snuff, "you might as well understand from the beginning that I am not boring for water."

This proved so effectual a wet blanket to the emotion excited by Mr. Voorhees that he realized the futility of his own "boring."

How Timothy Grass Was Named.

Timothy or herd grass is the most common grass of Continental Europe, growing wild throughout all that vast region between the Mediterranean sea on the south and the North sea in the direction the name implies. It is not known exactly when it was first introduced into the United States, but this much is known: It takes the name from Timothy Hanson, a farmer of Maryland, who brought it under general notice as a hay grass after he had cultivated it extensively for his use for years. It is a curious fact that although its native home is in Europe, the United States is the first country in which it was grown, cut and cured for hay.—American Gardener.

Singularly Luminous Beetles.

The editor of the Journal of the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society of British Guiana, in some interesting notes on luminous larvæ, says of a form referable to the *Elaterida*, or spring beetles, that its luminosity, when observed in a dark place, is singularly striking and beautiful. The light is emitted along the whole length of the body—the head, the front part of the anterior segment, and the last segment of the body, being altogether luminous, while each intermediate segment gleams from a small area on each side of the back, two regularly-arranged rows of golden brilliants being thus observable. The light is continuous and very bright, bnt it is intensified when the little creature is irritated. At intervals, one or more of the dorsal lights will be observed to be very dull or nearly extinguished, but apparently they are never quite put out.—N. Y. Ledger.

—The assessment valuation of Spokane Falls, Wash., is $10,000,000 above that of last year.

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CURED OF THEOSOPHY.

Startling Effect of a Demonstration on a Young Man's Mind.

My friend Abernethy tells a pretty good story at his own expense, writes William Wallace Cook in the Detroit Free Press, and below I give it to the reader in his own words, as nearly as I can recall them:

About ten years ago, I found myself racing neck-and-neck with savants, ancient and modern, in the hippodrome of philosophy. Throwing aside every system with supreme contempt I reared a cosmos to suit myself and gave the microcosm a commanding niche in my temple. "There," said I, "was chaos; such-and-such a power drew out the Universe and so-and-so sustains it. Yonder is God and here is man—lo! what a marvel I have wrought." I imagined how the great, throbbing world would one day receive my theory. I knew to a certainty I would be crowned with bays and that my disciples would be innumerable. I was assured beyond the possibility of doubt that I would go tearing down the ages—my features perpetuated in stone and marble and my name the signal for reverent prostration in every country. I believed all this—for I was but eighteen!

It was while dreaming after this bent that I met Miss H——, a venerable lady with a philosophical turn of mind. She was a well-read woman, a prominent figure in the Theosophical Society and a professed admirer of my hare-brained theories. Anxious to gain converts to the society of which she was an ardent member, Miss H—— strove to overcome the thousand and one objections which I urged against theosophy. She endeavored to persuade me for several weeks, but to no purpose; then she made me the following proposition:

"Your theories are theosophical to the core. Mme. Blavatsky has expounded many of them before you. You claim to desire a practical demonstration of some of our theories that differ from yours. Let me propose an experiment. Set your watch with mine, and to-night, at precisely eight, retire alone to your chamber, extinguish your lamp and center your thoughts upon me. At the same hour I will do likewise and think of you. This will be an interesting test, and if you are not startled by the result I shall be greatly surprised."

Dabbling in occult phenomena, so I fell in with Miss H——'s proposition without more ado.

Night came, and eight o'clock found me in my lonely study without a lamp and with only the spectral moonlight quivering over my books, marble busts and astronomical instruments. Subject to such conditions, my room was indeed a ghostly place, and I thought it just the thing for putting me *en rapport* with Miss H—— and making me a passive factor in our experiment. I centered my thoughts upon the venerable lady at the time specified. For five minutes nothing very startling occurred. In fact, it seemed very difficult for me to keep my mind upon my patroness. At the end of five minutes, however, I found myself in a state of very great nervousness. I pushed my feet about on the carpet and moved my hands incessantly. It was impossible for me to remain quiet. This mood gradually gave way to one of calmness, but it was a calmness such as I had never before experienced. It was like the foreboding stillness that precedes a hurricane, and I felt throughout my whole body that something supernatural was about to happen. In a few moments I thought I heard the voice of Miss H—— calling my name. I trembled violently and the perspiration stood out on my forehead. I remember trying to shake off my body, for I was terribly wrought up and believed such a thing was possible. Once, twice, I endeavored to obey Miss H——'s voice. It was in vain; but the third time, what a sensation I experienced! I seemed to float upward. Matter had no restraining power. My body could not keep me and I passed through the walls of my study like a sunbeam through clouds of mist. I left my body with its head on its hand, sitting at my desk. I had a peculiarly buoyant, immaterial feeling and I realized that I, the conscious entity, the ego, the soul, was no longer subject to earthly conditions. Was I dead in the sense that the world knew death, or was I merely playing into the power of Miss H——? I found myself at last suspended like Mahomet's coffin between Heaven and earth. I seemed to poise in a higher atmosphere like some bird. The sensation was too delightful to be described. Words fail me, and to cap the climax of my strange situation I beheld the venerable Miss H—— floating toward me in a white cloud. I was about to address her when, like a flash, I opened my eyes and found myself—in my study.

I was overcome with this strange experience and I decided then and there that if theosophy was a science fraught with such interesting phenomena, Miss H—— might claim me for a disciple. Certainly, in the whole range of my experience nothing could comvare with the wonderful experiment in which I had participated.

The next day I called upon my patroness. I was prepared for an unconditional surrender. Imagine my consternation when she met me with the following:

"Ah, Mr. Abernethy. Of course you are all prepared to declare theosophy a fraud. But I was unable to perform my part of our experiment last evening. The society sent for me at half past seven on some important business; consequently, at eight o'clock, instead of thinking of you, I was head-over-heels in some Hindoo—"

"What!" I gasped; "do you mean to say that you were paying no attention to me at eight o'clock last night?"

"Indeed, you mustn't scold. It was—"

I fear I left Miss H—— somewhat discourteously; but I was provoked to find myself the dupe of so vivid an imagination.

A Yankee Samaritan.

There was a good samaritan on a train from Newport to Bangor the other day, and the Fairfield (Me.) Journal thus tells of his journey: "When he got on the car a double seat there was occupied by a tired woman and four hot, tired, dirty, squabbling children. Did the newcomer, after a short remark about the nuisance of children traveling, put his feet on the seat in front and bury himself in a newspaper? Not he. As soon as he saw the party he folded up his paper, put it away, tucked his baggage in the smallest possible capacity and enticed the tired and dirty bits of humanity over to his side of the car, getting some one just ahead of him to give up a seat, so as to accommodate all four of them. Soon he had the quartette eating wafers and laughing at his stories while the tired mother got a nap."

Wild Animals in Texas.

Wolves, coyotes, wild cats and panthers in Texas are multiplying under the protection of the barbed-wire fence and the apathy of the State legislators. A few years since a thorough scalp law would have settled forever the wild animal question in Texas at a small expense. Now it will cost twice the money, and meantime stockmen and farmers have lost many times the money in calves, colts, and sheep killed. In a few years things will be much worse. A ranchman, G. A. Anderson, of Kinney County, has been compelled to buy a pack of hounds and turn huntsman to protect his flock from the increasing ravages of panthers. The same thing is happening all over Texas.

R. L. JOHNSTON. M. J. BUCK. A. W. BUCK.

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EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

Carrolltown Bank,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

T. A. HARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of a general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,

JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

JOHN A. BLAIR. JOHN T. BLAIR

BLAIR & SON'S

DAILY MEAT MARKET,

Centre Street, Ebensburg, Pa.

The Best Western Cattle Butchered every day. Also Fresh Lamb, Veal, Mutton, Lard, Etc., always on hand.

Market open at all hours and attentive and obliging salesmen to atend to the wants of customers.

Tutt's Pills

FOR TORPID LIVER.

A torpid liver deranges the whole system, and produces

Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Rheumatism, Sallow Skin and Piles.

There is no better remedy for these common diseases than Tutt's Liver Pills, as a trial will prove. Price, 25c.

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I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

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FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD: General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS and PARTS OF BODY, absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. *Get the genuine.*

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VALLIE LUTTRINGER,

MANUFACTURER OF

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE

AND TIN ROOFING.

Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.

Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.

Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

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ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,

COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,

Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

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"In general views no mark of man is visible upon it, nor any thing to suggest the wonderful depth and grandeur of its sculpture. None of its magnificent forest-crowned ridges seems to rise much above the general level to publish its wealth. No great valley or river can be seen, or group of well marked features of any kind standing out as distinct pictures. Even the summit peaks, unshaled in glorious array so high in the sky, seem comparatively smooth and featureless. Nevert